

Council Candidates Start Hectic Campaign

34 Names Placed on List; Four Acclamations Mark Nominations; Murphy Treas.

No Name for Secretary of Wauneita

CANDIDATES TO SPEAK SATURDAY MORNING

Voting—Wednesday, March 10

Nominated Wednesday forenoon, Jerry Amerongen, Mike Bevan and Bob McDiarmid will run for the presidency of the Students' Union, and a close presidential race is expected. Their nominations were received, together with those of the other Council candidates, by Bob Black in the Students' Union office, March 3, between 11 and 2 o'clock. The successful candidate will hold office during the coming session.

Varsity Choir Will Perform At Music Club

Will Feature Piano, Organ and Vocal Selections

Members of the University Musical Club will meet for the last program of the 1942-43 season in Convocation Hall on Sunday, March 7, at 9 p.m. It is hoped that all members will endeavor to be present, not only to give their attention to next year's slate of officers, which is to be presented, but to hear the very fine program which has been arranged.

The University Choir, which has done such splendid work at the Sunday services in Convocation Hall, will make its first appearance on the Music Club program. Prof. L. H. Nichols will play a group of organ numbers, and Malcolm Clark, baritone, will sing. Miss Lucy Gainer, who played the piano in the orchestra at the recent Philharmonic presentation of the "Gondoliers," will play several selections of two-piano music with Miss Nelda Faulkner. (Mrs.) Ella Caggie King, mezzo-soprano, will contribute a group of interesting vocal numbers. The complete program is as follows:

- Organ—Prof. L. H. Nichols
Minuet in F Major (J.S. Bach);
Introduction and Passacaglia from Sonata No. 8 (J. Rheinberger).
- University Choir, directed by Mr. Jack Williams.
Into the Woods My Master Went (Lee Rogers); Evening Pastoral (Wilfred Shaw).
Accompanist, Bert Wilkins.
- Vocal—Malcolm Clark, Baritone
"Even Bravest Heart May Swell" from Faust (Gounod); Where'er You Walk (Handel); I Love Life (Manza-Zucca).
Accompanist, Miss Lucy Gainer.
- Two Pianos—Miss Lucy Gainer and Miss Nelda Faulkner.
Sighting Weeping, Aria from Cantata No. 21 (J. S. Bach, transcribed by R. Berkowitz); Jeux de Plein Air (Germaine Tailleferre); (1) La Tirelontaine, (2) Cache-cache Mitoula.
- Vocal—(Mrs.) Ella Caggie King
Mezzo-Contralto.
On the Steppe (Alexander Gretchaninoff); My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair (Joseph Haydn); Aria, "O Don Fatale" from Don Carlo (Verdi).
Accompanist, Victor Graham.
God Save the King

Aeros Will Hear Famous Flier

The Aeronautics Club is making arrangements for a meeting in Arts 143 at 7:30 p.m. Thursday, March 11, which will be in the form of an Open Forum, in which all present may participate. Present at the meeting will be Mr. Clarkson, aeronautical engineer with Canadian Pacific Airlines, Mr. D'Arcy McLeod of Trans-Canada Airlines, and Mr. Hollick-Kenyon of Canadian Pacific Airlines, well known to followers of aviation news.

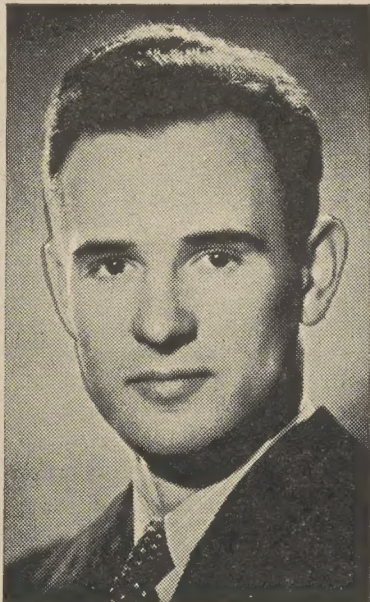
These guest speakers have not prepared definite topics at present, but they are coming prepared to discuss and give their views on any topics that are brought up and to answer questions that may be asked. These men are all actively engaged in aeronautics, and are well qualified to speak on subjects relating to aviation. What they have to say should be both valuable and interesting.

Everyone is welcome. Bring your ideas for presentation and discussion!

MED LIBRARY

The Medical Library will be opened in the evening commencing March 8, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from 7-10 p.m.

Choose Your New President!



JERRY AMERONGEN

Is a fourth year Law student. An active member of the Debating Society, he has for two years competed in intervarsity debates. He holds the post of President of the Literary Association and is the student executive representative to the Philosophical Society. A member of the History Club, he was last year on the executive of the Newman Club. In addition, he holds a commission in the C.O.T.C.

Hard working, Jerry has maintained a high academic standing despite his many and varied extracurricular activities.



MICHAEL BEVAN

A third year Ag student, Mike has held various executive positions on the campus. This year he was Friday Gateway Editor and R.S.M. of the University Contingent. He is publicity man for the Outdoor Club and the Ag Club. Bevan has also been a member of the Philosophical Club for the past three years. Last year he was Assistant Sports Editor on the Evergreen and Gold. When the Aggies won the Bulletin Trophy, 1941-42 for rugby, Mike served his part as playing coach.



BOB McDIARMAID

Bob McDiarmid, who leads a combined slate in the forthcoming Students' Union elections. Bob has been prominent in student affairs during his four years on the campus, and this year offers to serve the students as President of the Council.

A third year student in Applied Science, Bob is Vice-President of the A.I.E.E., President of Swimming, and represents numerous sports and clubs on the Athletic Board. Dynamic in his actions, he promises to help the students regain their former activities on the campus.

VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES



JANE STEVENSON

A second year Household Economics student, Jane Stevenson has played a prominent part in outdoor athletic activities on the campus. During the present year she has filled the position of Vice-President of the Outdoor Club, and more recently has been Acting President.



PAT ROUTLEDGE

Running on a slate backed by the Engineers, Pat Routledge is one of the first of the University Hospital Nurses to contest any important executive post on Council. She is President of the Nurses Club, and Nurses' Representative on this year's Council.

NOTICE

The next issue of The Gateway will be published on March 19, two weeks after this issue. It is proposed to put out a Literary Supplement at that time. Anyone having poems, short stories, essays or feature article is asked to contribute them to make this supplement something worth while. Hand them in at the Gateway office (Arts 151), or give them to either of the Features Editors, Marg Robertson or Leslie Drayton.

Last House Dance To be Held Sat.

The last House Dance of the year will be held Saturday, March 6, in Convocation Hall. This is your last chance this term to get into a swing and sway session with your fellow students; so roll up to Convocation Hall this Saturday at 8:30 p.m. Dancing will continue until 11:30 to the music of Don Graves' Orchestra.

Essayists Will Compete For Philosoph Prizes

\$25.00 First Prize

The annual essay competition conducted by the Philosophical Society will be held in Room 261, Medical Building, on Thursday, March 11, at 7:30 p.m. There will be a wide choice of topics to select from, and students of science and those from the professional faculties will find that they will have as good a chance as students of the humanities. Some of the subjects will be related to papers read during the current session before the Philosophical Society.

Awards are a first prize of \$25.00, second prize of \$15.00, and third prize of \$10.00. These were won last year by G. N. Cormack, J. D. Park and L. B. Graham, respectively. In 1942, Dr. Walter H. Johns of the Department of Classics read and ranked the essays. This year Professor R. K. Gordon, head of the Department of English, has kindly consented to act as judge.

The contest is open to all undergraduates of the University, and it is hoped that a large number will enter. Contestants will hand in their names, together with the nom de plumes under which they propose to write, to the Registrar's office before four o'clock on Thursday afternoon, March 11. This will facilitate the making of the necessary arrangements.

COLOR NIGHT

Tickets will go on sale Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. These tickets to be exchanged at the door for programs. One of each couple must be an award winner or otherwise invited.

A list of award winners will be posted next week.

Council Grants Executive "A" Awards to 5 Students

LARGE SURPLUS RUMORED BY TREASURER

Council began their meeting Wednesday night with a discussion on a letter from Donald Cameron, manager of radio station CKUA, in which he stated that he was not entirely satisfied with student management of radio matters. To improve the situation, Mr. Cameron advanced several suggestions, the most important of which was the setting up by Council of some responsible committee, such committee to include the President of the Union. Ev Peterson, George Hardy and Gerry Larue were appointed to investigate the proposal, in company with Mr. Cameron, and report back to Council at the next meeting.

While Council was still quite fresh Hardy whipped through a motion authorizing him to spend some nine dollars in the form of cash prizes for the Quizz Program, heard over CKUA.

A letter of thanks for the work of the students on the Survey Committee was read by Bob Black, the letter coming from Dr. MacEachran on behalf of the Committee on Student Affairs.

Leaving the realm of committees for the moment, your executive proceeded to vote on the granting of Executive "A" awards as Bob Black read out the letters of application for same. Those granted this honor were: Ron Goodison, Blair Fulton, Stan Edwards, Rene Boileau, and Bill Payne. Gateway pins were listed for Frank Meston, Editor-in-Chief; Gerry Larue, Sports Editor; Charley Glebe, Casserole Editor, and mainstay of The Gateway office; and Alan McDougall, Tuesday Editor. Evergreen and Gold pins to R. Boileau, J. Murphy and J. Chamberlain.

Opening the period of amendments to the constitution was one sponsored by Kay Lind regarding the Women's Athletic Association. (See Sports section), following which Jerry Amerongen and Jack de Hart brought in three amendments concerning the activities of the Literary Association. The last of these provided 20 points for the stage manager providing he was working in this capacity for at least five performances and the Philharmonic. Under the same conditions, members of the stage crew were to be granted 10 points under the point system.

Don Bell began his report on Color Night plans, and was immediately buried under a storm of discussion, the chief item of which was whether or not attendance at the affair should be restricted. The first definite facts to emerge were that Color Night would be held in the Masonic Temple, March 15, and that the financial requisite would be 85 cents per plate. Cec Cameron's orchestra will provide the music, and a P.A. system was to be installed downstairs. The latter idea was due to the fact that an estimated 350 people would have more room to dance under such circumstances. 350 souls attending one party seemed rather on the large size to Council, and a motion was passed limiting those who may attend to winners of awards and escorts. Even this promises to bring over 200 patrons into the Masonic Temple the night of March 15th.

Just after 9 p.m. the matter of appointing three student members to the Philosophical Society executive came up. These appointments were left in the hands of the Students Union Executive.

Then came the pay-off which finished the meeting for the night. With a sheepish grin accompanying his words, Louis Lebel reported on an unexpected surplus in the treasury. The expected surplus of \$600 had only wavered upwards to about \$700, but a donation from the University swelled this figure by \$500, and finally, the campus clubs as a whole netted another \$800 surplus, which totals up to about \$2,000. After Council had been propped back again into their chairs, which took a little while, the meeting adjourned.

Canteen Fund at \$1,500

STUDENTS ASKED TO PUT FUND OVER THE TOP

The Mobile Canteen Committee announces that at the present time approximately \$1,500.00 of the needed \$2,000.00 has been raised. This consists of \$700.00 from the boys of the C.O.T.C. and U.A.T.C., \$300.00 from the War Services Pool, \$200.00 from the campus clubs and fraternities, \$230.00 from the personal canvass, and \$70.00 from the faculty. At the present time all of the girls and most of the boys have been canvassed, and nearly all have contributed day's army or air force pay or of \$1.20 of their caution money or by an out-and-out donation of \$1.00.

The campaign will be officially wound up on this Saturday when the committee has a meeting and totals its accounts. However, all the students who have been overlooked or who have not contributed to the campaign yet, are asked to go up to the Students' Union office, behind the stage on the north side of Convocation Hall, and make their contribution either by an assignment of caution money or cash. In contrast to the campaign of last year, the money has been raised entirely by a personal canvass, and resort has not been had to high pressure salesmanship on the pathways and at other strategic points on the campus. It doesn't appear at present that the objective will be reached this weekend, so if contributions don't come in well in the next few days, perhaps students will again see a contest in high pressure salesmanship. The committee sincerely hopes that the students will do their best and contribute what they can at the Students' Union office, so that all of those concerned will be able to get to work and pass their exams with a clear conscience.

Accountants To Dine and Dance

Honoring the '43 Commerce graduating class, the final activity of the Commerce Club for the year, a banquet and dance, will be held in the Masonic Temple, Thursday, March 18th.

The banquet will be followed by after-dinner speeches (like all good things these days—rationed), and several humorous skits (isn't a laugh good for the digestion?). Members of the new executive will be introduced. The party will then adjourn to the ballroom to dance the evening away—the perfect way to get together for four weeks of work.

Comm. Grad. Will Address I.V.C.F. Meets

Timed to coincide with the visit to this campus of Mr. Melvin V. Donald, B.Com., associate general secretary of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, and a graduate of the University of Alberta, a student rally will be held Friday, Saturday and Sunday of this week.

The rally will commence at 7:45 p.m., on Friday, March 5, in King Edward School Auditorium.

Colored movies will be shown of the Fellowship Summer Camp, and Mr. Donald will speak on the subject, "It Crashed."

Saturday at 1 p.m., a luncheon for teachers will be held in the Social Room of the Y.M.C.A. to discuss the topic, "The Teacher and the New World Order." Supper will be served at 5:30 p.m. in All Saints Parish Hall, followed by a social evening, at which Mr. Donald will present a review of Fellowship work across Canada.

Of outstanding appeal to University students is the Varsity Tea to be held at 10918 85th Avenue at 4:30 p.m., Sunday, March 7. The subject, "Anti-Axis World Program" will be discussed.

The closing session of the conference will take the form of a student service in Metropolitan United Church (Garneau School Gymnasium), at 7:30 p.m., addressed by Mr. Donald on the subject, "Steering the Post-War Ship of State."



Melvin Donald

Impressions of Student Play, "The Gondoliers"

By Victor Graham

The Philharmonic Society of the University of Alberta have concluded another successful year with the presentation of "The Gondoliers," by Gilbert and Sullivan. It seems a little bit like raking up old ashes to re-open the discussion of the merits of the performance, but perhaps it will not be amiss for me to give a few personal impressions of the operetta. I hope that they will be regarded only as such, because too often I feel students set themselves up as critics of the first rank. Such an attitude is unfortunate, for it not only discourages other students from attempting a performance, but results in a lot of hard feelings. I hope that none of the actors will feel this is my attitude, as I think their efforts deserve much credit.

The performance of "The Gondoliers" which I saw, was that of Saturday night. From all reports, and in accordance with the usual tradition, it seems to have been the best all round performance given. Certainly none of the roughness or lack of continuity noticed by some members of the audience on Thursday night was in evidence. Indeed, the most outstanding feature of the performance was its complete unity. Credit here is due to the director, Walter Holowach. In presenting an operetta (where rehearsals are of necessity divided and under the direction of several different persons), more often than not, the finished product shows one feature more dominant than another. This was certainly not the case with Saturday's performance. It presented a well-knit whole.

In offering general commendation to Mr. Holowach, special mention should be made of the orchestra itself,

which came especially under his domain. From the opening notes of the lively overture until the final fall of the curtain, the orchestra was completely satisfactory. It never became obtrusive in accompanying either chorus or soloists. The orchestra was predominantly composed of strings, but not unpleasantly so. One could see that particular attention had been paid to phrasing and to bowing. The orchestra was most effective in the charming "Minuet" of Act II.

Very often audiences do not realize the amount of credit also due to the dramatic and chorus directors in a production such as this. Mr. Alex. Kevan and Mr. Thomas Dalkin are both well versed in all the intricacies of co-ordinating music and action on the stage. Mr. Kevan's hand could be seen in the development of the leading singers' roles as well as in the chorus work. Throughout, the clarity and vivacity demanded by Gilbertian lyrics was stressed. The enunciation of the chorus left something to be desired at the opening of Act I, but at the end of the act, and in Act II, it was much clearer. The ladies' chorus, comprising the contadine of Venice, was very effective. In respect to the male chorus, the Philharmonic Society has been somewhat handicapped in finding a sufficient number of men to meet its needs, particularly this year. Although there were almost twice as many contadine as gondoliers in the ensemble, the balance was very good. The men sang clearly and lustily, particularly at the opening of Act II.

(Continued on Page 3)

THE GATEWAY



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THE TUESDAY EDITOR SPEAKS

ELECTION time is here, and candidates are busily preparing platforms and programs to offer to the student electorate. For the candidates, it is a high honor to be asked by their fellows to contest some of the highest executive offices Student Government affords.

Those who are successful in the elections will find that the path of a conscientious, loyal Council is not an easy one; especially in times like these.

There are many problems waiting for a proper solution. Some will be new, others will not. One of the latter which is certainly important enough for the present Council to recommend for consideration by the incoming Council and for the new Executive to think about seriously is that of the system of representation at the present time. It is one which past Councils have attempted to remedy, and no doubt they have tried to make the best of a difficult job. But there is no reason why research for a better system should not be furthered. A table of representation on the Students' Council will help to illustrate the situation:

Students Registered.	Faculty.
Reps. 584	Arts and Science.
1 91	Agriculture.
1 367	Applied Science.
1 28	Law.
1 248	Medicine: Medicine 160, Dentistry 55, Pharmacy 33.
1 146	Nursing (under Medicine, but special circumstances warrant a rep.).
1 80	Graduates.
1 111	School of Ed.

These figures, taken from the last President's report available, give a fair picture of the proportion of representation enjoyed by the various faculties. The most obvious inequalities are seen in the Faculties of Applied Science and Arts and Science. It is difficult to see how one person can represent 584 students anywhere near as well as if he or she were representing 28. But there is confusion and inequality not only in numbers, but in supposedly constitutional representation. According to the constitution, the Med representative is designated as the Council delegate for Medicine, Dentistry and Pharmacy. Yet the Constitution of the M.U.S. states that this man is to be a member of the fifth year class in Medicine, and for a long time—if not from the beginning of Student Government—the Pharmacy and Dental students have not had a vote in the election of that representative.

So there we have a picture of unequal representation and no representation at all. The fault must lie mainly with Council. This is not to say that attempts have not been made to improve the situation, as we pointed out previously. It is not to say that we have some magic, infallible plan hidden away in a corner. We merely wish to point out that as long as efforts are not extended to ameliorate the condition, complaints, misunderstandings and sometimes aloofness from student activities can be blamed largely on the Students' Council. It is for this body, elected by us to be our leaders, to continuously seek improvement in this, as well as other matters.

SPEAKING from a distance and certainly without full possession of all the facts, it is rather difficult for us to express an opinion on

News and Views From Other U's

ARMY COURSE AT U.B.C.

And out at U.B.C. it has been announced that the Canadian Army will send a number of selected student soldiers to U.B.C. next autumn to take special courses for Army needs. Since it will be necessary to quarter these men on the campus they will, according to present plans, take over the Anglican College, the new addition to the armories, and possibly part of Brock Hall.

Unofficial estimates place the number of men at two hundred, depending largely upon the accommodation provided.

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CALL-UPS

At the University of Colorado, 150 enlisted members of the Army Air Corps Reserve will be called to active duty during the week of February 20 to 28. Twenty-six of those called are senior students due to receive their degrees this spring, among them being the Editor of the student newspaper, "The Silver and Gold."

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I.S.S. CAMPAIGNS

This is a big year for the International Student Service. Canadian universities have undertaken to raise \$20,000. Toronto has already far exceeded her objective of \$1,000. McGill, Manitoba, and Saskatchewan have already held tag days—and at Queen's, McMaster and the University of Western Ontario campaigns are scheduled for the near future.

* * * *

CMPULSORY P.T.

The University of Manitoba Student Council recently passed by a unanimous vote plans for a compulsory Physical Education course. This would be divided into five parts: Medical examinations, Health Service, Lectures on health and sex hygiene, Physical Training in the gymnasium, and sports where games would be played without referees.

the decision of the McGill Senate to suspend publication of The McGill Daily. But in view of certain difficulties here over the Engineers' Edition, the matter is one on which we cannot withhold comment.

TIME AND THE MCGILL DISPUTE

At the outset we would like to quote from an editorial appearing in the University of Toronto Varsity (which paper, by the way, we regard as one of the most wide-awake of Canadian university publications; also, it has no joke columns):

"The 'Commerce Issue' is undoubtedly in extremely poor taste. Its fake news stories are in some cases suggestive; very few are in the least amusing. It was a very bad joke indeed."

"But it is worse than a mere bad joke. It is a damaging blow to the reputation for integrity of every college newspaper in Canada. Our publications serve in large measure as a liaison between the universities and the metropolitan press and general public. They are read by parents and advertisers; they are frequently quoted by the major newspapers. At any time—but especially in days when general sentiment is certainly not unanimously friendly towards universities—the collegiate press should be vigilant to uphold its journalistic honour. And also, surely, in common decency to their regular readers, collegiate newspapers should refrain from the dissemination of fifth."

And in a later editorial, after the student body at McGill had registered their protest: "The Commerce Issue was crude in the extreme; it was obviously necessary to ban it; and, since the Council was so inept as not to take this action itself, University authorities virtually had no other course but to take the step themselves."

The students of McGill, in their protest, admitted that the material contained in the issue was smutty and that the editors were punishable. Since the students themselves disapproved of the edition and were agreed that some action was advisable, it would appear that the question of time must bulk largely in the charges that the Senate, by its action, usurped student privileges.

Keeping in mind that the McGill publication is a daily, how long a period of time elapsed between the appearance of the edition and the action of the Senate? Considering student machinery for the administration of their own affairs, was sufficient time allowed for the Students' Council to take punitive action of a suitable nature? Were student authorities given any advance warning of the Senate's action? Were they given any opportunity to defend themselves and their supposed lack of action before the full Senate?

Not having the answers to these questions, we cannot take sides in the present dispute. This much we can say, that if the Senate did not give the students time to take action on their own account, then it can be judged guilty of usurping student privileges. But if the students were dilatory or apathetic or unmindful of their responsibilities, the Senate was justified in its action.

THE GATEWAY

The Future

Commonwealth Conception:

Whatever may be the future of this marvellous combination of peoples, one thing is certain. If or when the statesmanship of the world addresses itself seriously to the supreme problem of the establishment of just relations between the modern civilized peoples, the peoples of ancient civilizations now shaking themselves free from a long stagnation, and the primitive peoples who are beginning to escape from age-long barbarism, the most useful guidance will be found in the experience and achievements of the British Empire. For this experience and this achievement, in spite of their imperfections, have shown the way of advance from the crude conception of empire as domination to the nobler conception of diverse peoples linked together in a single commonwealth, and dwelling in freedom and peace.

It is the birth and the gradual development of this conception that forms the glory of the British Empire, and the justification of its existence.—Ramsay Muir, in "The British Empire, How it Grew and How it Works."

Commonwealth Foundation:

Personally, I have not the slightest doubt that the study of the liberal arts will not only survive this war, but prosper in the days of peace. For one thing, the present fighting generation and the younger boys in school will be tired of hearing even the names of science and technology. When the time for the resumption of normal education returns, a sharp reaction toward studies of a different type, a resurgence of deep interest in the liberal arts among students themselves, would seem to be inevitable. But quite apart from a swinging of the pendulum, such as educators have seen so often in the past, I cannot imagine that this republic could reject the tradition of the liberal arts. For a judicious blending of the study of man and nature is the only sure foundation of a free commonwealth.—President Conant of Harvard.

Commonwealth Priority:

This same spirit, this same stress

upon the supreme priority of the common weal we must carry through the armistice and into the peace. Much that we have built up for purposes of war we can adapt for peace.

Those needs are many; a closer knit and more soundly planned co-operation between the United Nations; a world economy based, not on scarcity and starvation, but upon plenty and happiness, and a means of giving the world a degree of effective security in which we can exercise the arts of peace rather than those of war.

But over and above all these is the need for higher standards and better living conditions for the common people in every country of the world. Our business is to secure this, first and foremost, for our own people. It can be done. We have the productive capacity if we like to use it, but we must decide in whose interest that power of production is to be used when the war is over. That is a decision which must be taken by the electors of our democracy. It is a simple and fundamental decision which, once taken, the experts and the technicians must be instructed to implement.

The time to agree upon that basic principle of priorities is now while we still co-operate for the purpose of victory. By so doing we can make certain that our victory will not be barren and will stretch out and through the years of peace as well as those of war.—Sir Stafford Cripps at Aberdeen University (New York Times).

Our New Britain:

I am now absorbed in a technical and complex administrative job and have not the task of planning for the future, but members of the War Cabinet have told us that social security is the main motive of our national life, that we must all be prepared to put a great driving force behind the effort to get rid of unemployment; that we must co-operate to get rid of misery, insecurity and slumdom and to achieve universal education. Never again, we have been told, must we tolerate chronic unemployment, the extremes of wealth and poverty or the lack of opportunity for so many—features

which have disfigured our national life in the past. The future is to be based on the utilization of abundance and we are not to go back to a scarcity economy. These are far-reaching objectives with which I most wholeheartedly agree. I have striven in the past and shall strive in the future to make them a reality in our national life. But there seems to be amongst a large section of our people a scepticism as to whether we shall ever actually reach these objectives, or whether they will remain empty hopes. Such an attitude reminds me of those who always look to a Fuhrer to give them the benefits of progress. It implies a lack of confidence in our own democratic will and in our own powers.

Progress, like the victory which must precede it, will only come from the continuous efforts and devotion of a determined people. You, who have shown yourselves strong and courageous to fight back against our enemies and to wrest victory from defeat, will surely not lack the confidence and will-power to attain these objectives for the New Britain when the war is over. They are an invitation, an encouragement to you to work hard for victory and to work hard, too, for a prosperous, just and equal society after the war. Their achievement will not depend upon the speeches of Ministers or the publications of reports, but on the action of the British people, when the time comes for that action to be taken. Our capacity for production will be immense; you are now engaged in building it up for the purposes of war. The war has once again shown us how much we can achieve when we will. If we have the same will-power when peace comes we can accomplish even greater results.

You are confident now in your power to win through against great odds. Managers, technicians, workers' production committees, trade unions, all are organized and determined for victory. Give every ounce of will-power and determination that you possess to get through with the fighting quickly and victoriously, and then we can devote ourselves with no less energy to the building of our New Britain, which we will make worthy of all the years of sacrifice and a living example of true progress to the whole world.—Sir Stafford Cripps, on the B.B.C. QUOTEUNQUOTE.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DEFENSE OF CANADA REGULATIONS

Regulation 16:

"No person shall obtain or communicate, or knowingly permit others to obtain or communicate any information being, or purporting to be, information which might be useful to the enemy or of which the dissemination might prejudice the successful prosecution of the war."

Regulation 18:

(a) "Subject to any exemptions for which provision may be made by order of a competent authority, no person shall, except under the authority of a written permit granted by or on behalf of a competent authority, make or publish any photograph, sketch, plan or other representation of any of the places or objects mentioned in Prohibition of Photography Order signed by the Minister of National Defense, dated 4th March, 1942."

(b) "No person shall have a camera with him in any of the above places."

Regulation 29:

(a) "No person shall do any act having reasonable cause to believe that it will be likely to prevent or interfere with the performance of their duties by members of His Majesty's Forces or the carrying on of their work by persons engaged in the performance of essential services."

(b) "No person shall do in relation to such person whom he knows to be a person so engaged, any act with intent thereby to render him incapable of efficiently performing his duties as such or, as the case may be, of efficiently carrying on his work as a person so engaged."

Regulation 39:

"No person shall print, make, publish, issue, have knowingly in his possession, circulate or distribute any book, paper, picture, letter, etc. likely to prove prejudicial as mentioned in Section 39."

FRANCIS OWEN, Capt.,
Unit Security Officer,
C.O.T.C., U. of A.

POST-WAR PROBLEMS

Co-operative Control?

by Les Drayton

In my article "Economic Democracy" it was contended that full internal peace can only be obtained by taking from the directors of the corporation their dictatorial powers and transferring them to persons responsible to the mass of the people. Co-operative ownership and control were suggested as one means of doing this, state ownership and control as another. Neither, however, would eliminate the concentration of economic power that provides the basis for economic dictatorship. So we must look for safeguards of our democracy even with co-operative or state control of industry.

Let us consider the case of the co-operative control of large industries. The co-operative form of organization is in theory thoroughly democratic. If it is a consumer co-operative, every consumer of the commodity may easily become a member of the association and thereby gain equal rights with all other members in the control of the organization's activities. When the membership of the co-operative is small, full democracy is usually realized in practice. However, if a co-operative became sufficiently large to be the main producer of, say, automobiles, the practice of democracy would be much more difficult. It would probably have several million members, and it is utterly impossible for a million people to attend a membership meeting at one time. Thus the organization would be compelled to adopt some form of indirect representation, or else a small minority would gain full control. As a matter of fact, the larger co-operatives have universally adopted various plans of indirect control by membership.

There is a tendency, though, under any form of indirect government for the elector to be interested in what that government is doing only at election time. At all other times it seems too remote. Individual criticism is very in effective when a large number of people are concerned. So there is a natural tendency for the individual elector to lose sense of personal responsibility for the behavior of the government he helps to elect. When a large proportion of the electors lose their sense of responsibility they are likely to fail to vote at elections, thus becoming totally ineffectual in the government concerned, or worse still, to fall easy prey of unscrupulous power seekers, electing such their sense of responsibility they are likely to fail to vote at elections, thus becoming totally ineffectual in the government concerned, or worse still, to fall easy prey of unscrupulous power seekers, electing such

What can be done about this? First, education is needed and then more education. The mass of the membership of the co-operative needs to be taught its responsibilities and taught how to use them. They need to learn that it is their duty to their fellow-members to understand as fully as possible what is involved in all major decisions made by the co-operative, and to act upon such understanding as they attain. Further, they need to learn and appreciate the full meaning and nature of democracy. The elected authorities must live up to their duty to keep the electorate fully and accurately informed, and the electorate must be determined to hold them to account for any failure to

do so. Minorities must be given toleration and a full hearing, but on their part have a duty to refrain from any activity likely to prove harmful to the association as a whole. Minorities must recognize that the privilege of criticism carries with it the duty of loyalty. Further, every member must learn to be keenly on guard against the infringement of any of the democratic rights of the membership.

Secondly, a high moral standard must be built. Members must learn to think in term of collective welfare rather than individual welfare, to think in terms of duties rather than of rights. True rights must not be forgotten, but it must be generally recognized that rights invariably carry duties with them. Further, the sense of collective welfare must be a broad one, embracing not only, say, the consumers of automobiles, but also the laborers who work in their production; not only the people of

(Continued on Page 3)



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YOU ARE A CHARMING PEOPLE

Canada Through The Eyes of an English Girl

by M.T.

From ambulance driving in the blitz, conveying lorries to seaports and life on active service, it is a far cry to University life here, to work and exams, sports and dances—6,000 miles, and what a difference? Then doesn't it make you think how lucky you are? Your lives here have not really been penetrated by the evil design of destruction which has been slinking over Asia and Europe, and which even now is casting its foreboding shadow on this side of the Atlantic. "Well," you say, "Canadians are fighting on the battle-fronts." That is true, but you aren't. Only someone has to carry on with training for the essential professions, and you happen to be the fortunate ones who have this privilege.

But what if your home was in Europe now? That would be a different story. It is very much more probable that you would be miles away from any University, boys and girls alike. Perhaps your home might be a heap of rubble, your family, if any, scattered, and all this followed by disillusionment that might gradually come from continual contact with horror and humanity at its worst. Your lives, however, are still moulded along the pleasant lines which I have also enjoyed.

There are few sensations more pleasant than that of being welcomed, and I realized this most when I came here from England in August, 1940. Like many other British children, I was transported from the humdrum existence of boarding school life into the much freer and less disciplined life of High School, where I soon found out that if I intended to do any work it was entirely up to me, as very little individual attention was given by the teachers. No more silent corridors, comparatively little discipline, and no more boring week-ends at school! In fact, everyone seemed to live at

much faster rate, and everyone getting in so many outside activities. There was work at the Edmonton Exhibition, a Dramatics course at the Banff School of Fine Arts, lazy days at the lake, then University, and the rest is familiar—an ordinary Canadian life, scarcely touched by the circumstances of war.

Sometimes I wonder if you realize how fortunate you really are—I don't suppose you do, having nothing to compare it with. But because many others and myself have come from a different country, we should have a better perspective. You have an amazing variety of sports and other activities, and nobody hurries you through High School (at least in pre-war days) except for a gentle prodding now and again when someone may become rather tired of you still lazing in Grade XII after several years!

Soon I may be returning home, like many other Britishers, to join one of the forces. I have a beautiful home to return to; there is nothing like Devon in the sunlight (incidentally, Britain is not immersed in a pea-soup fog and rain 365 days of the year!)—open moorland, sea blue as the Mediterranean, fox-hunting on an English spring day—you should come over there some time. But all that for the most part will have to wait for the duration. We have no way in which to thank Canada for the past years of profitable experience; the only tribute I can pay is that whatever the war may bring to us, our time spent here should be a remarkable asset in broadening our vision by seeing our own, and another, country in better perspective. And that is what the future generations need, to free themselves from the ruts of excessive nationalism and view the world and its problems on a less prejudiced plain.

You are a charming people, you Canadian, something we shall not forget! There is so much space for opportunity here if you wish to make use of it. Canada is indeed a New World, as yet untarnished by the years, but it will be unless you all prevent it from being corroded by the evil of the Totalitarian Design. The land is still free—well on the way to firmly established Democracy, but it's up to you to improve on it. Yes, I know that is the usual theme pounded into University students, that they, the future generation, are responsible for the development of their country, but even then there is a certain amount of truth in it. Don't you agree?

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Theatre Directory

FAMOUS PLAYERS

CAPITOL—Friday and Saturday, "Once Upon a Honeymoon," Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant; starting Monday, "Journey for Margaret."

EMPRESS—Currently showing, "Lucky Jordan," with Alan Ladd; added Shorts.

GARNEAU—"Across the Pacific," with Humphrey Bogart and Mary Astor; also "Dudes Are Pretty People."

STRAND—Starting Friday, "Reap the Wild Wind," with Ray Milland, John Wayne and Paulette Goddard; Dead End Kids in "Tough as They Come."

ODEON

RIALTO—Beginning Friday, "Jacaré," a jungle thriller with Frank Buck; added, a comedy hit, "Fall In."

VARSCONA—Currently playing, "Little Old New York," with Alice Fay, Fred MacMurray and Richard Greene; also "The Wife Takes a Flyer."

THE GATEWAY

"She Walks in Beauty Like The Night"

"She walks in beauty like the night." In the hurdy-gurdy atmosphere of college life, how many of us stop to think of this all-important feeling for beauty. Your walk conveys not only what you think about yourself, but determines the impressions which you create on people. You can classify a woman on her carriage. There is the shut-eyed individual who drags one unwilling sleepy shoe up to another, and then shuffles this foot forward a pace. The whole conformation of the body droops toward the feet in sympathy with their burden of weariness. As you watch this type of person shuffle toward you, you feel a desire to run from these feet, whose owner will soon scrape over your personality in much the same fashion as her feet scrape over the ground.

Next, the lass who slides up to everything and everyone in an indirect manner as though to have a confidential chat on matters of importance. There is a definite technique to this type of jerambulation. The first operation is made by smoothing the feet slyly on the floor. This is followed up by an apologetic waggle of the hips, while the leg is patted on the ground. The upper part of the torso meanwhile waves in a converse direction. A guileless freshette face usually tops this picture.

Then there is the cocky co-ed whom you've probably noticed "picking 'em up and slapping 'em down" in the hall. These feet move to the tune of "The world owes me a living." To proceed in this fashion, give a deft oblique kick from the knee, staccato fashion, swing your shoulders carelessly and look conceited. There you have it—the perfect advertisement for "egoism."

Next under the fire of criticism is the little mess who trips up the stairs and down the stairs. It could be simply phrased—she just naturally trips! Her feet never seem to get out of their puzzled entanglement. These feet always seem to rock forward into one another. Nature enhances these feet with pigeon-toes more often than not, and more often than not, a muddled personality tops all.

In contrast to this walk is the girl who keeps her feet well apart, too well apart as a matter of fact. There is an instability in her stance. At any moment you expect her legs to spread right out in a split. All too often this offender has a reclining vertical position almost like an arrow slanting into the earth.

Last, but not least, is the girl who, although she has the right idea, i.e., to swing the legs from the hips, doesn't leave it at that. Her whole body sways in leisurely rhythm, with emphasis on the hips. Fine, well and

Momentary Moods

Vote for Gerry Amerongen.

What with elections coming along next week we hear that the Engineers (those notorious souls!) are backing each and every one of the girls running for the position of Vice-President of the Council. Evidently it will be a big question as to which one they finally do get in—we've never seen your forces divided so before—could it be internal disagreements, men?

Vote for Ye R.S.M. Bevan.

And we are proud to have one of the budding models of the season on this campus. That was an adorable red jersey dress that you wore on Tuesday, Jonny.

Vote for Jane Stevenson.

We feel moody about the horrid weather—just had some nice spring weather and here comes the cold shoulder—let's get together and warm things up.

Vote for Bob McDiarmid.

Philharmonic

(Continued from Page 1)

Mr. Dalkin's direction was evident in the dramatic expression given to the songs on the stage. There is a good deal of tradition with respect to Gilbert and Sullivan on the stage, but the whole was treated in a fresh and interesting manner. Chorus, I suppose, are always a problem on the stage. In "The Gondoliers" their entrances were well managed, but their movement on the stage was monotonous. It seemed restricted to either swaying from one foot to the other or threading a kind of maze from one side of the stage to the other. A more interesting result might have been achieved by greater variety.

The story of "The Gondoliers" centres around one of those improbable cases of mixed identity which seem almost incomprehensible on reading, but appear quite simple and clear on the stage. The operetta, while not as familiar to Western Canada audiences as "Pinafore" or the "Mikado," is musically one of the very best of the Gilbert and Sullivan productions. It abounds particularly in beautiful quartettes and quintettes. I found the four members of the principal quartette excellent. They were Catherine Zender as Gianetta, Berneice McBeth as Tessa, Richard Swann as Giuseppe and William Smith as Marco. When they were on the stage, things seemed to move as smoothly as one might have expected of professionals. The blend of their voices in quartettes, or the blend of any two voices in the many duets, was excellent. The high point of the operetta, to me, was their quartette in the finale of Act II, "Then one of us."

Miss Zender has a soprano voice of lovely lyric quality. Her high notes are effortless, and while her enunciation in her upper register suffers a little perhaps, the whole effect is pleasing. Miss McBeth's voice, a rich mezzo-soprano, offered pleasing contrast. Her acting was always sprightly, and every word either spoken or sung was clearly heard.

Mr. Swann and Mr. Smith supplied much of the comedy in "The Gondoliers." They were both outstanding in their roles. Mr. Smith is a singer of some considerable experience and has a beautiful tenor voice. I consider it a very high tribute to Mr. Swann that he was not overshadowed by so illustrious a companion. Indeed, he more than held his own in the duets and in the quartette already mentioned.

Colin Corkum and Norma Madill as the Duke and Duchess of Plaza-Toro, were also a good team. Mr. Corkum, as the rather hen-pecked duke, completely submerged his own personality in that of the role he was called upon to play. Holding, as he did, an important key-position in the story, it was fortunate that both his singing and his speaking voice carried well. Miss Madill's acting was on a par with that of her partner, but her voice did not carry quite as well. However, her con-

tral tone was very lovely, especially in her solo, "On the day when I was wedded."

Albert Loree, playing Luiz, the drummer boy who in the end turns out to be the lost King of Barataria, was so completely satisfactory a presence on the stage, with his height and his robust swagger, that it was unfortunate that his singing voice did not quite live up to the promise of his appearance. Mr. Loree, in addition to not having a very strong voice, has a consistent tendency to sing flat. This was evident not only in his solos and duets, but in the quartettes and in the quintette in which he was called upon to sing. Perhaps, however, these slight defects would not have appeared so great had he not had to sing opposite one of Miss Neher's ability. Miss Neher, who is well known in Edmonton musical circles, has one of the most outstanding soprano voices in the city. Knowing her ambition to make singing a career, it is safe to predict that she has a brilliant future ahead of her. She has the vocal requirements, the appearance, and the acting ability necessary.

Ralph Jamison, who excelled himself in last year's performance of "The Pirates of Penzance," scored another hit this year as the Grand Inquisitor. Along with Mr. Swann and Mr. Smith, he helped to provide the comedy of the piece, and did so very effectively. His strong baritone voice was another asset to the musical side of the production.

Betty Powers as Inez, the foster-mother of the king, made the most of a small but important part. Her one difficult solo was well handled. Other bit-parts were adequately taken by Muriel Ness, Gwyneth Jones, Bob Wilson, Hadley Ward, Bill Stewart and Jack Yates. We would have enjoyed hearing more from some of them.

While we are speaking of Betty Powers, a remark should be made about the effectiveness of her make-up. Mrs. Inez MacDonald and the University Make-up Club did an excellent job of it, and indeed of all the make-up. Stage-settings, too, were very attractive, and set the mood of the gay operetta. Costuming was colorful and rich, and added much to the general effect.

Taken as a whole, "The Gondoliers" was a most enjoyable production. It can stand on its merits with any of the previous productions of the Philharmonic Society, although one's favorite production always is so because of a combination of pre-judice and particular circumstances. The more we see of productions of the high order which the Philharmonic Society gives, the more critical we become. How many of us look back to the first or second operetta we saw as the most enjoyable! I do not know whether there has been any decision made regarding the question of future productions for the duration of the war or not. Certainly these operettas fill an important place in the cultural lives of the students, but if it is seen fit to discontinue such presentations temporarily, "The Gondoliers" will be a pleasant memory until the Philharmonic Society recommences, bigger and better than ever.

St. Steve's--- that ancient pile

BY D.S. KENNEDY

"St. Stephen's College, the Divinity School of the United Church of Canada." Suppose we just disregard everything after the word "Divinity" and abbreviate: "St. Steve's." There we have it—that ancient pile with its two lofty sentinel towers stand guard over the campus, fashioned (on the outside at least) after St. James' Palace, that edifice which for over three decades has watched the growth of the University, and during that time has been one of its best-loved student residences.

Reference has already been made to the mediaeval aspect of the building; incidentally, the air conditioning and lighting facilities lean that way, and the floors and staircases lean, too. For thirty-two years those same floors have groaned out a lullaby, with organ accompaniment furnished by the steam radiators, to study-weary (or bull-session-weary) men. The spiral fire escape, one of many features which render the college unique, have carried many a surprised freshman to lower altitudes, and many gallons of water have likewise flown in the same direction, often with profound effects.

Like any other University residence, the college has its institutions; in fact, it has often been eloquently demonstrated that St. Steve's "creaks with tradition," in every sense. The popular indoor sports of

horsing, dumping, tubbing and water-bombing, all have their place in—oh, oh, 'nuff sed. Never-to-be-forgotten are the bull-sessions which cover such a wide range of topics as religion, women, politics, women, liquor, women—and so on. Then around meal time one hears the ravenous mob thundering up the stairs with the inevitable question, "Is the bell gone?" and the inevitable reply, "No, it's still there." Another respected institution is the government which is in the hands of the House Committee, that venerable agency for law and order, for which everyone yells when there is any noise, and whose mild fines sinners are unwilling to pay. There is phone duty, shared by each man, who for the evening informs those lucky fellows who have friends outside that she's a blonde with blue eyes and don't keep her waiting.

Let us now look into the dining-room, where we can get the proverbial cross-sectional picture of residence life. Here solemn and time-honored practices such as chair-watering, tea-salting and the distinctive "Amen-less" grave before meals are observed with reverence and decorum. On "pie-days" innocent freshmen (of whom the House Committee kindly places at least one to a table) shirk not their bounden duty to go to Tuck for ice-cream. Public announcements to the effect that there will be "no Vespers tonight" or "Council meeting after dinner," are invariably heralded, not with fanfare of trumpets, but with vigorous ringing sounds produced by sharp contact between spoon and tumbler. Oratory, thus announced, can be effectively rationed if it becomes over-boring by such subtle hints as the dropping of spoons, forks and the like.

The most interesting fixtures of St. Steve's, however, are the widely diversified types of humanity living within its shadowed walls. One can hear the fourth floor Caruso yelling blue murder about some dame called Celeste Aida, or maybe that's the poet laureate composing an ode to "Shepherd's Pie" or "Feesh." The arid fumes of cigar smoke permeate

good, girls! Grant you, it looks suave, but it does take up a lot of space when people want to pass you.

So far this criticism has been definitely deflatory. There are many girls who walk like a symphony, and stand like a poem. Clothes rationing doesn't affect them, as it will many of us. As this war continues to squeeze luxuries tighter and tighter, less and less of the adjuncts of beauty—jewelry, clothes and cosmetics.

THE ALCHEMIST'S RETORT

By Anne Ion

Another day! Another week! Another month! Still the retort fumes away and all of the divers reactions continue at a more furious pace than ever. Sometimes I fear they will defy the Laws of Chemical Kinetics. It is just as if the retort knew that the time in which it must produce its end product—the U. of A. graduate—is getting very short.

The days hurry by and we must keep pace with them. In this alchemist's world, there is no such thing as a leisurely stroll home in the evening. Something drastic would surely happen to the Gas Laws if all the little molecules stopped to gaze at the beauties of the moon or the northern lights. There is only one course for them to take when the pressure is being applied. At any rate, gazing at the beauties of the evening sky with unsympathetic street lights all around is about as senseless as reading Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" with "Elmer's Tune" blaring in your ears. The only place to realize the true aesthetic value of either is out in a prairie field, alone with your thoughts, your book and your dog.

But enough of this. Let us turn our attention to the observable reactions in our retort. It is with regret that we add another hallowed custom to the long list of this year's obituaries. Our Chem. Banquet is no more—for this year at least. The little chap did not die without a struggle or without the ablest of physicians in attendance, but sometimes even the best of efforts fail. Neither Ed's blood transfusion nor Ralph's hurried application of O₂ were of any avail, and all that remains to be done is to draw the shroud and chalk up another item to Mr. Shickelgruber's Account.

We hope you didn't miss the Chem Club meeting on Monday night. By now you must know that Chem Club gatherings have a habit of being very interesting as well as a lot of fun. This time the chemists of the Over-town Club met with us, and we were certainly glad to meet them all. And you should have seen all the samples the speaker, Mr. Fearon, showed us. There were pigments of all the colors of the spectrum—enough colors to rival any girl's best collection of finger-nail polish. I have always been interested in paint, but I had forgotten just how fascinating the subject could be until Mr. Fearon told us all about it on Monday night. I was as enthralled as the time I stole my sister's water colors and made all the pink roses in the wall paper blue. Or the first time I

rouged up my face and promptly had it scrubbed off again.

And here's one little item about the Chem Club meeting that nearly everyone missed. When Chrissie and I went back into 142 after we had drunk our coffee, we discovered four little uninvited guests scampering around on the table. They were the biggest cockroaches I have ever seen since I annihilated the family which had moved into my locker, in order to prevent their falling into precipitates and complicating matters. Apparently these little fellows had heard that the Chem Club is going to hear about insecticides from Mr. Brown of the Entomology Department in the near future, and they were hastily evacuating the immediate vicinity just in case he brings samples with him, too.

And now it is time to leave our retort till the next time. So 'bye now.

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the library (which, by the way, is bountifully supplied with 1911 edition Encyclopedias). The said fumes can no doubt be traced to our diminutive, hyphenated, parka-hooded scholar-parson.

Naturally, the boys are quite active. The gymnasium, up in the clouds where the air is thin, provides the opportunity for recreation and exercise. Nevertheless, strange beings have been known to come forth from the depths, in the dead of night, to shall we say, look—or rather tip things over on the third or fourth floors. It is after one of these excursions that the basement House Committee member has a particularly innocent and angelic look on his countenance. He acts as a sort of valve or faucet on the superabundant energies of the basement denizens.

Of course, we don't have much to do with the south and west wing nurses (bless their hearts). However, on several occasions when a fuse burns out and the building is veiled in darkness, a goodly number of the fellows turn out to have been expert electricians, and so they embark on a tour of the nurses' wing—looking for the fuse box, in the dark—by the light of a match. It is strange how often these matches get blown out—drafty place, Steve's. Then there are the ladies who are confined to the second floor and miss out on all the fun upstairs. Still, during meal time we keep a watchful eye on her—I mean them.

A brief word of tribute to those whose efforts keep us in comfort would be in order. There is the Principal, who shoulders the responsibilities of the college; and our "Mother," who, like all mothers tolerates with long-suffering patience and fortitude, our boisterous demonstrations of vigorous youthfulness. Then there is the lady who answers the phone, listens to our troubles and smilingly writes the receipts when we pay our board; and the cook and her staf, and the dining-room "Butterfly" and her staff, and the men who keep the steam up.

D. S. K.

(Continued from Page 2)

one nation, but the peoples of all nations.

No democracy can work without a thorough education of its membership, and a high moral standard on their part. Given these conditions, democracy can be made to work, and its persistence will be guaranteed.

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GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Women's Athletics Changes Point System Act To Meet Needs Arising in Wartime

OUTLINE DUTIES OF SPORTS OFFICIALS

Define Interfaculty Programs

AMENDMENT TO PROVIDE FOR THE WOMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Section VIII.

Women's Interfaculty Athletics

Each faculty represented in the program shall have a manager who will be responsible for entering and operating the group in the program. Duties of the President of each Sport:

1. To keep the faculty managers posted on all developments such as dates of meetings, postponements, rule changes, schedules and any such matters that the faculty managers should be informed about.
2. To be responsible for obtaining schedules for each sport.

Duties of the Faculty Members:

1. To act under the direction of the President of each sport.
2. To see that all members of her teams are eligible.
3. To represent her team in all negotiations or protests.
4. To see that the team gets practice periods.
5. To see that the teams do not forfeit.
6. To be sure that team knows place, time and date of their contests.

Rules of Eligibility:

1. All members of the teams must be students in the faculty for which they are competing.
2. A girl may not compete on a faculty team if she competes on a university team in the same sport.
3. To be eligible to compete in a final series a player shall have appeared, at least, in two practices or games.
4. In the absence of a team in any sport the opposing team may receive credit for the game if they have appeared in the appointed place at the appointed time.

Protests:

Any protest must be filed in writing with the Secretary of the Women's Athletic Association by the faculty manager for consideration by the W.A.A. Executive.

Postponements:

No postponements shall be allowed, games must be played according to schedule.

Interfaculty Program:

The Interfaculty Program shall include the following sports: Tennis, Golf, Archery, Swimming, Skiing, Basketball, Volleyball, Badminton, Track.

The following will be played in the first term: Golf, Tennis, Basketball, Track.

The following in the second term: Volleyball, Badminton, Skiing, Swimming, Archery.

Interfaculty Point System:

	Ent.	1st	2nd	3rd
Tennis	40	125	100	85
Golf	30	100	85	70
Basketball	40	125	100	85

Volleyball	40	125	100	85
Swimming	40	125	100	85
Skiing	30	100	85	70
Archery	30	100	85	70
Badminton	40	125	100	85
Track	40	125	100	85

Members of University teams earn 20 points for the faculty of which they are members.

When University team players are chosen as the result of a faculty meet, the points won by those players in the faculty meet are not considered in totalling the points of such faculty meet.

Any team defaulting a game in a round-robin series shall forfeit one-half of its entry points. For two or more defaults a team shall forfeit all entry points.

One default in an elimination tournament will forfeit all entry points.

Five sports in which four out of five faculty teams compete must take place every year before the cup can be awarded.

Section VII.

2. Delete "except in the case of House League competition." Add "Points received in interfaculty competition may be totalled for an interfaculty A award if the requirements in No. 3 of this section have been fulfilled."

4. Remove words "taken part" from the clause "If, however, an athlete has accumulated 40 points..." and substitute "represented the University against an outside team."

5. (e) Delete (a), (b), (c), (d); add, interfaculty player 2 points.

14. An A pin may be awarded to a person who has a total of 12 points accumulated under the Intramural system.

15. The group managers of interfaculty teams receive 5 points, which may be credited to interfaculty A award.

Fistic Men Are Urged To Turn Out to Workouts

Boxing and wrestling workouts have been taking place regularly in spite of many difficulties, but have been marked by a remarkable shortage of those stalwart lads who aspired to learn the manly arts. We realize that the C.O.T.C. and study programs have to take first place, and that there is little time left after that; but since some fellows manage to squeeze in at least one night a week—how about it, the rest of you? Two hours a week is not too much to spend to keep that waistline down and stimulate the mind so that you can do better work in your study hours—so let's have some good turnouts for the remaining few weeks.

And you Med students, let's see you get right into this. It would be a fine sport to carry on during the summer.

NOTICE

There will be an E.S.S. Smoker on Tuesday, March 9. The 5th and 6th papers in the Webb Memorial Competition will be presented. As the Students' Union elections are to be held the next day, it is essential that all turn out!

FENCING

The Fencing Club will hold a meeting, Wednesday, March 10th, at 7:30 in the Drill Hall. Club pictures will be taken, and elections for next year's executive will be held. There will also be a workout under the direction of Coach Dick Hoar.

A. A. OLSEN.

Varsity Clubs, Hear Ye!

Evergreen and Gold wishes to remind the following clubs that their Year Book write-ups are long overdue. The date that the Year Book will be published is dependent upon the immediate return of these summaries:

St. Joseph's Council, Wauneta Society, Women's Disciplinary Committee, Constitutional Enforcement Committee, Literary Association, Debating Society, Philharmonic Society, Spring Play or Annual Play, E.S.S. (Engineering Students' Society), House Ec. Club, Osler Club, Newman Club, Pharmacy Club, Le Cercle Francais, Education Club, Men's Athletic Board, Women's Athletic Association, Fencing, Track, Archery. Drop into Year Book box, or give to Ron Goodison or Nick Chamberlain.

Busy On Plans For Co-op. House

Questionnaire Out

Further plans for the organization of a Girls' Co-op. House are to be discussed at a meeting to be held Monday, March 8, at 7:30 in Arts 148. All interested are urged to show their enthusiasm by attending this meeting. Forms, agreements of membership in a student co-operative residence, have been printed, and may be obtained in the Upper Wauneta room. It is a tentative plan, and does not place the applicant under any obligation. The idea of the form is to see how many girls are actively interested in the movement, so fill out your form, and place it in the ballot box in Arts Rotunda.

M.A.B. MEETING

There will be a special meeting of the Men's Athletic Board on Tuesday, March 9, in Arts 148, at 7:30. The following members are asked to be present: Bob Schrader, Gerry Larue, Cooper Johnston, Jack Quigley, Sammie Sheckter, Dick Corbet, Bob MacDiarmid, Bert Wilkins.

Varsity Debaters vs. C.C.F.Y. Group

The Debating Society is sponsoring a debate to be held in Med 142 on Wednesday evening, March 10th, at 8:15 p.m., between the University and the Overtown C.C.F.Y. (Co-operative Commonwealth Youth Federation). The debate promises to be a very exciting affair, two overtown ladies being matched against two lawyers in a battle of wits on the merits of Socialism.

The resolution reads as follows: "Resolved that free private enterprise should be displaced by a system of planned public ownership." Upholding the affirmative will be Frances Mjolsness and Frances Latimer of the C.C.F.Y., while Bob Galbraith and Mel Hovey will argue for the negative.

Following the debate there will be a period of discussion such as has been customary at Open Forum debates, in which members of the audience will be free to assert their views on the matter. A lively time is promised for all who turn up, so arrange to keep next Wednesday night free and come to the debate.

ARTS LIBRARY

Beginning Monday, March 8th. Library hours will be from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. on week days and 8 a.m. to 12 a.m. on Saturdays. These hours will remain in effect until further notice.

LOST

One wrist watch, inscribed "J. A. Mackay, 30-6-42." Reward for finder. Phone 81863, or leave at Gateway Office.

WHY DON'T THEY?

—Put those two fountains on second floor Arts in running condition.
—Install a filling station for fountain pens in the Rotunda with a pencil sharpener handy.
—Obtain a copy of "Code for Co-eds," circulated by University Women's Association of the University of Iowa, Iowa City, modify if necessary, and distribute it among our own co-eds.
—Elevate the rear of all large classrooms so that students there can see better, or if not possible, at least raise the teaching platform.
—Invent a pocket telephone that everyone could carry.
—Put a rail next to the wall at the Arts delivery door stairs. Some day somebody will slip and get hurt.

In the Spotlight

By Gerry Larue

We were sure that the Boxing and Wrestling clubs would sail along with a bright and glorious year when we saw them sweating and groaning at the strenuous workouts held last fall in St. Joe's gym. Since that time, however, many changes have taken place, and these clubs have been in the doldrums for some time. A last appeal for support has come in, but we are afraid that the seasonal wind-up will be marked by a down grade in the graph of progress. If this club is to survive adequate provision for its future will have to be made before next season.

* * * *

Interfaculty basketball has proved to be a trying sport this term. Last fall some difficulty arose with Senior players taking part in this sport. This season, upon entering into the second section of the round-robin, Bob Dumont, the manager of the league, drew up a number of rules to offset any possible difficulties which might arise. The first rule to be scrapped was the one demanding that the games be played according to schedule. Last week another rule was violated when the Dents played one man who had played more than one Senior game. Authority for this was related back to M.A.B. members who had been consulted apart from their official capacity. Their comments were accepted as legal ruling, and the ex-Senior was allowed to play. Since that time much controversy has arisen, all of which holds up the league at a time when it is of the utmost importance that the schedule be completed quickly. The question which remains is: are the rules posted by league managers valid? And have these managers the right to set up rules to govern the leagues? If not, then it is up to the M.A.B. to establish permanent rules to govern these leagues. If the managers have this right, then the rules must be adhered to in all cases. There is no doubt that the interfaculty clubs did an unfair thing in going above the jurisdiction of the league manager. The problem, according to many, is not yet finished. We, however, hope that it can be settled unofficially.

* * * *

Coach Jack Quigley pulled a fast one on his boys the other night. The scheduled hockey game was cancelled due to inclement weather, but "Quig" didn't notify his men, with the result that they turned up ready for action at the rink. The coach informed them that this would be a practice, and according to reports, they had a real workout.

* * * *

Color Night this year will be restricted entirely to award winners. This move was made necessary due to the impossibility of getting suitable accommodation for the crowd. This ought to act as the final incentive in the hockey and basketball finals, for if you don't win, you don't go!

* * * *

It appears as if some of these leagues will have to exhibit a last minute spurt to come under the margin-line for the publication of award winners. The last possible date that these lists can be in is Tuesday night or Wednesday morning at 9 a.m. this coming week. Lists that are turned in this late should be duplicated. It is quite easily understood that there is good reason for these leagues being tardy, as the weather has been anything but favorable, and under the present athletic set-up we must make the best of circumstances. It would be too bad if the programs appeared incomplete.

* * * *

In the ladies' circles, the Athletic constitution has undergone some major changes. The W.A.A. has been doing some fine work this year, and deserves a lot of credit for the time and effort that was obviously spent in making this revision. Some time soon the M.A.B. section of the act will have to be reconsidered with a view to meeting the war-time difficulties.

* * * *

The Fencing Club feels that it has made the necessary start to enable it to carry on next term. It is with great sympathy that we have watched this little group of fencers preserve their club and keep it active on the campus. They evidently felt that it is a worth-while campus organization, for in spite of the great odds they faced, they persevered. We can only hope that the unfortunate circumstances have not written the obituary of this organization, and we look forward to a successful year for them next term.

* * * *

Now that Color Night is just around the corner, there will be a large number of fellows who will wish that they had done their bit during the term. It seems that the duties of executive office are taken with hesitation due partly to the burden of scholastic work and partly to a lack of interest. There are many people who have done a great deal of work for which they will receive no credit, and this is too bad. There are also some people who will receive credit for work they have not done, and this is also too bad. At some future date provision will be made for these little men behind the scenes, for they certainly deserve a lot of credit. The team managers will tell you how they 'phoned these persons at the last moment when everyone else had failed, or they will tell how this fellow or that gave of time and energy to put events over. This, then, is in tribute to these persons, whoever they may be, for it is to them that we owe the success of our sporting season.

Martin Tops The Quizz Kids

With Evelyn Peterson as chief questioner and George Hardy as scorekeeper, the Varsity Quiz Kids were at it again last Friday, Feb. 26. Four students representing four clubs matched wits on the Varsity Quiz program. The battling geniuses were Marjorie Thompson of the Tri-Deltas, Janet Martin of the Women's Political Economy Club, Jim Andrews, of the Alpha Chi, and Stan Edwards of the Law Club.

At the top of the scoring list was Janet Martin, who not only led the group, but also leads all contestants so far on the program.

The program on Friday, March 5, will be the last before the final, which will be on the following Friday. On this final program the four students with the four top scores will vie for the honors—and, it is rumored, a cash prize, too.

For some really good entertainment, tune in to CKUA on Friday afternoon at 4:45.

HOSPITAL HIGHLIGHTS

Convocation is just around the corner, but halfway down the block a sign looms up. The hieroglyphics inscribed thereon means: Nurses Graduation Dance, March 10th. The time has nearly arrived when all the gals put on their "Sunday-go-to-meeting" duds and trip the light fantastic in honor of the graduating classes.

Elna Eickmeyer has charge of the arrangements, and if we know our Elna, 'twill be a howling success.

The other day I thought spring had come and at last someone thought of shutting the gateway to the north. As a matter of fact—

That floats on high o'er vale and hills.

When all at once I saw a crowd, A host of golden daffodils!—'twas in a florist window; two-fifty a dozen—and now I'm a pessimist.

Arts Win Imaginary Game; Smooth Plays Net Goals

LACK OF OPPOSITION FACILITATES MANOEUVRES

Plays Click as Never Before

By Bill Clark

What a hockey game it was going to be! First game in a two-out-of-three final for the hockey championship of the University of Alberta.

See the letter-perfect attack of the league-dominating Arts, master-minded by that smoothie from the south, Jack Quigley, pitted against the might of the rejuvenated Engineers, spear-headed by their prolific scoring ace, Polly Drouin!

Watching the fighting Beermen, still smarting under the blistering attack of public censure of a few weeks back, try to make a comeback and gain the spotlight once again by sewing up the Bulletin mug in the old bag! Could they do it?

Would the dazzling pace set by Paul Drouin, who immediately upon his return was indented for by the 'Gineers, provide the margin of victory? This plus the sensational, sparkling playoff form of Goalie Jack Setters?

Would this improved squad of slide-rulers be able to match the clocklike precision play of the arrogant Arts, who reputedly hadn't a weak spot? The Arts, with their top snipers of Ray Lemieux, Quigley, Gib Brimacombe and Barss Dimock?

Well, these were a few of the questions hockey fans and one Gateway reporter were going to find out Wednesday night—maybe. The reporter flipped a penny to see whether he'd go to the interfac or the Alberta junior final at 119th Street. He lost—the interfac turned up.

Sallying forth, he crested the hill overlooking the magnificent University sports arena. Ah, he saw a number of Arts running through a workout before game time. Little did he know how much it really was before game time.

From over two hundred yards he could recognize Big Gib Brimacombe. He came steaming in from the left wing, nestling the cookie on the blade of his war club as he played with the defense like a freshman in the dark. He sidestepped an imaginary run runner, feinted the goalie to one side, and rifled the wafer into the upper left-hand corner of the hem. He almost tore the twine from the gas-piping with a blistering shot reminiscent of the Mackay boys. Scoring with such gleeful abandon, Mister Brimacombe made it look so easy that the

Hold Joint Chem. Club Meetings

At a joint meeting of the U. of A. and Overtown Chemistry societies on Monday, Feb. 22, Mr. James Fearon gave an address on "The Manufacture of Paint." Mr. Fearon is a 1938 graduate in Chemical Engineering from the University of Alberta, and is now employed with the Edmonton Paint Company.

The speaker went into detail on all of the numerous pigments used in paint, and displayed a complete set of samples such as lithopone, asbestine, Prussian blue, monastral blue, Chrome yellow, Chrome green, and others. The use of oils in paint manufacture was then discussed in relation to present limitations and the consequent use of linseed. In connection with the use of driers, he explained the use of lead compounds to dry a paint completely through and the use of manganese as surface driers. Illustrations of the various types of mills for grinding paint pigment were displayed, and the speaker closed with a brief treatment of the subject of varnishes.

The final meeting of the Chemistry Club will be held early in March, when Mr. Brown of the Entomology Department will speak on "Insecticides."

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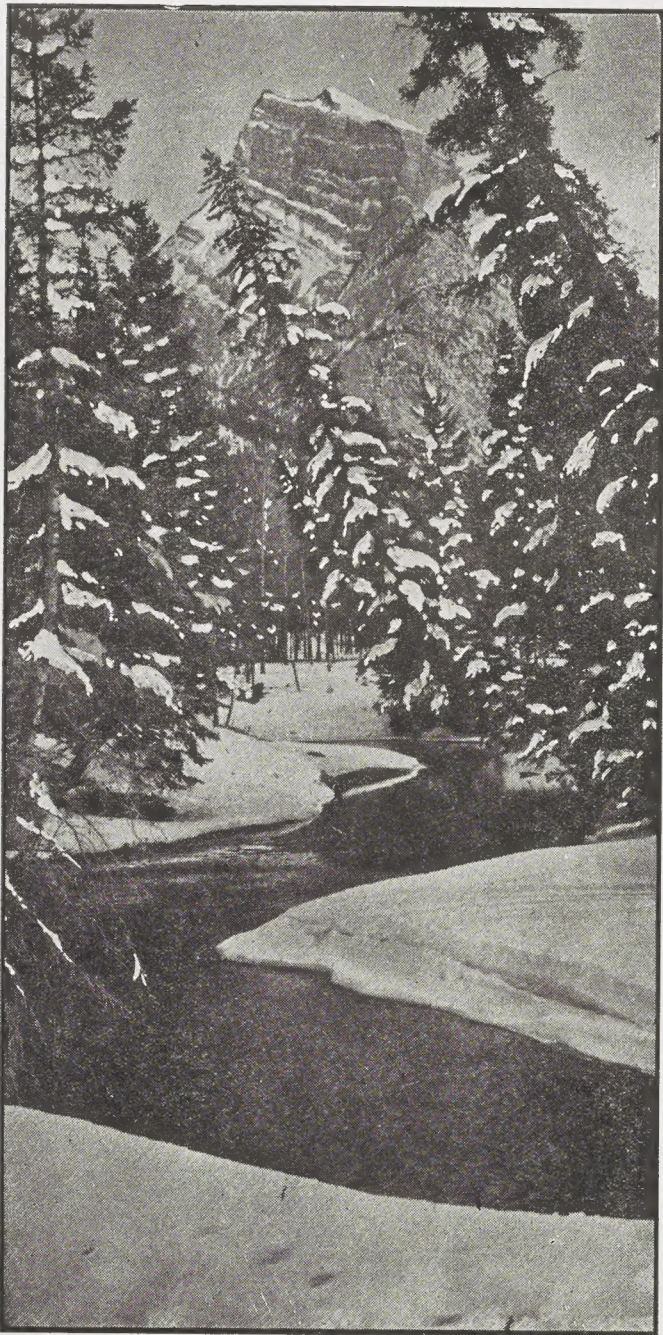
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THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Literary Supplement



WHERE THE TULIPS BLOOM

By Marjorie Skelton

MOTHER AND HER BOOKS

By Margaret Mackie

AMBITION: A POEM

By R. H. Blackburn

MRS. O'SHAUNESSY WAS A GOOD WOMAN

By Maureen McNamara

SO THIS IS HEAVEN

By Eleanor Kendel

GUARDS: A POEM

By R. H. Blackburn

THE VALLEY THAT NO MAN ENTERS

By Drake Shelton

THE FOG

By Kay Evans

IT TAKES A WOMAN

By Morris Simovitch

Where the Tulips Bloom

By
Marjorie Skelton

One could read Elsa's story in her quick, deft hands. There was life in them, which contrasted strangely with the set impassivity of her face. Her long tapering fingers, the finger nails broken, were rough, and her hands were bruised and calloused. They had not always been so. Elsa's family had been one of the oldest in Holland, and one of the proudest. The fierce pride of the humbled high burned in her veins and flashed, if she did not keep close guard of herself, from her dark blue eyes.

She worked carefully and methodically, trying to marshal her thoughts into some semblance of order. As she loosened the earth about a young plant, her fingers fumbled with the small stick she was using, as though they were anxious to be done with the tedious task and on to more important things. Not that cabbages were not important. They meant food, and food meant life—or anyway, existence. There was a purposeful set to her pitifully thin shoulders, an independent lift to her fine head. Now and then she glanced quickly up the road as though she were waiting for someone. The anxiety she felt did not show in the frozen mask of her face, however. The fear which clutched her heart now had clutched it every day for months. Van was 13 now, but he was still a child. He had been 11 when the Nazis had marched into Holland, burnt their home, and shot their parents. Brother and sister had been left to live or die as they preferred. They had preferred to live. Youth is like that. So pathetically brave—or ignorant.

Well, they had a cottage now, and a small garden. They were better off than a lot of people. By raising her eyes and looking to the left, Elsa could see where their former home had once been. At first it had hurt her to see the charred ruins, but that had passed. One had to face facts these days. Personal things were not very important any more, she thought quietly, squashing a green cabbage worm with a stone, and conscious of the fact that she was pretending that it was the German who, just yesterday, had leaned over the broken-down fence, plucked a beautiful hard head of cabbage, and kicked it down the road in front of him. She had watched him, silently, feeling the knot of hatred within her tighten and grow until every tensed fibre in her body had ached with it.

She straightened her back and stretched weary arms, turning her head from side to side to ease the stiffness in her neck. Although her hands were quiet for a moment, her thoughts went on busily. It was Holland that was important now. Holland that was old, and weak like the aged. Holland with its picturesque little bridges and fields of tulips and bright blue skies and peaceful countrysides. The country which meant, to her, ideals that she could not put into words. One only felt their presence. She had seen those ideals bring tears to eyes when harsh treatment and starvation and illness could not.

Pushing a golden strand of hair back into the braided coronet which framed her small face, she glanced with a wry smile at her brown arms. There had been a time—but that was immaterial. Her eyes caught the white mark on the third finger of her left hand, where the sun had not before reached, and the smile died slowly. She rose then and moved like a shadow out of the gate and ran until she was breathless. It seemed to her a curious thing that having borne so much, this other hurt could creep over her like slow rolling thunder to end with a crash of lightning that struck deeper than almost anything else had done. At last she flung herself down at the side of the road, burying her face in her hands, and prayed dumbly for the tears that would not come. Straightening herself slowly, she looked about her. On either hand, where tulips had once bloomed, were large fields of corn and potatoes for hungry Germany. Now the

tulips grew by the wayside among the grass and weeds and white clay. They seemed to her an emblem of struggling Holland: the Nazis could plough them under, but they still bloomed defiantly in the ditches along the roads, raising proud, brightly colored heads to the sun. Elsa cupped one of the flowers growing near her, in her hot hands. It was yellow—as yellow as—she halted her thoughts abruptly, then faced them squarely—as yellow as Elmo's hair was—and as soft. He had often lain, in the dear days before this nightmare had overtaken her, and from which she must surely awaken soon, with his head in her lap, and she had drawn strong white fingers through the clinging gold of his hair.

Those had been happy days, and the memory of them comforted her in a strange sad way. She had guarded her memories jealously, struggling against the bitterness which came when she realized that anything as beautiful as they had been could have been replaced by this present horror in which she lived. She remembered as though it were yesterday the quickness of him—the way he ran, swift as any deer, the eager light in his eyes, his quick smile, the impulsive tightening of his hand on hers. Elmo's parents had been poor, and he had worked hard in the fields and sometimes in the factories. And then one day, he and his father, who was German, had gone to Germany. Elmo had slipped a cheap little blue ring on her engagement finger—blue to match her eyes. The ring represented hours of hard, loving labor, and many sacrifices on his part, and Elsa would not have traded it for the world. She had never removed it—up until yesterday afternoon, that was. It had given her courage when the Nazis swarmed over her beloved Holland. It had sustained her through long hours of physical work to which she was not accustomed. It had quietened her fears when Van was absent longer than she had planned. The little ring had meant that some day Elmo would return to her, and then surely everything would be right again. She had dreamed of his coming. There would be no need to tell him of the hardship and degradation and horror through which she had lived—he would know without words.

Well, Elmo had come back, tall, straight, and militant, with the sun in his hair—just as she had pictured him. It seemed now that it must have been an age ago, but really it was only yesterday. She had seen him coming far off down the road, and had moved with feet like lead to the little gate. How long she had waited! And why could she not run to meet him? All her longing and deep, pent-up love for him rushed over her in an anguish of feeling, and she could only lean, trembling, on the rickety fence. Then he was near enough for her to see his face. Something about it struck a chord of memory that she could not place. Cold fear swept her. She felt that she had seen that look before, and that somehow, somewhere, something was wrong—terribly wrong. She sensed it, but could not put it into a coherent thought. So she had straightened herself and flung back her head in her own proud manner, and when he had come up to her, she only said: "You have come back," in that tight little voice, hard with foreboding. Elmo had looked at her (as though he had seen her every day, she thought) with steady blue eyes from which, with a pang, she missed the old laughter, and he had nodded quickly, as though it were some trivial thing. As though she had not waited two years for him with nothing but love in her heart. He had said he wanted to talk to her in a place where they would not be overheard.

That talk. Misery swept her again and nausea threatened. If only he had died driving the Nazis from their land. If only he had perished defending the little white mother whom he and his father had left behind and who had died at the hands of the Nazis. She

set hard little white teeth and laughed—laughter that was worse than a scream and that tore her until she thought she could no longer bear it.

She remembered his voice mostly—hard and calculating, angry, urgent. After his first few sentences her mind had lapsed into numb disbelief, and it had only been with difficulty that she had focused her attention on what he was saying. She had longed to stop her ears so as not to hear him, or better still to have cried out and stopped him, but she had been too stunned by his words. He had been so sure of her—so sure of her loyalty and devotion. She wondered now at his sureness. He had told her everything. That he was a German. No, that was not it—he was a Nazi agent. He had told her of the strong "master-race", his face glowing with pride. He had told her that Holland was a stupid little nation, whose people were too ignorant to realize that the German nation was only trying to help them.

Elsa had defended Holland then. She described to him the suffering—the illness, the starvation, the disease. She pictured for him his mother as she had faced the invaders with the only weapon she possessed—a huge axe which was too heavy for her thin arms to lift. Elmo hardly heard her. He went on with his story. Elsa realized that he did not care about what happened to any of them, that he blamed them for their sturdy resistance, their fight to live.

He was saying something about how important it was that he should get ahead—that success in this district would mean the world to him. Elsa rivetted her attention to him. Elmo enlarged on that point, seeing her eyes bent inquiringly on him. In this district, the people knew and trusted him; that was why he had been chosen. There was too much sabotage going on in the area. The authorities were growing alarmed. It was important that the saboteurs be arrested as soon as possible, and put where they could do no more harm. He had come to her for help. Her father was dead and her brother too young to be mixed up in the business. (Elsa shuddered now, recalling those words.) Elmo had gone on to reason that her interests would, then, naturally be centred on what was best for him. As far as the villagers would know, she was loyal, and she would hear when the little acts were to be pulled off, and where. After all, it was not much, and it would not take long. If the Germans were warned of one little episode, that would be enough to clear up the whole gang.

He elaborated the plan, but Elsa had heard no more. Something had crossed her mind, and she put it from her with loathing. It persisted, however, and grew until she was so aware of it that she felt Elmo must feel it too. She had looked at him quickly to make sure, but he was deep in his subject and was not looking at her.

At last she had risen, stiffly, awkwardly. ("I have grown old in the last hour," she thought.) Silently they had returned to the little house that Elsa called "home." She had turned on Elmo at the gate, and showing him his ring which she still wore, she had said, "It is our pledge. Meet me here tomorrow at 8 in the evening." He had moved toward her, but she had escaped, slipping swiftly through the gate and into the house. To have had him touch her would have been more than she could bear. Through the window she watched him swing off jauntily down the road in the direction from which he had come. Silently she had removed his ring—the ring of the man she still loved.

And today was the day he would return to her, for information. She realized that he was an enemy. Someone to be hated and feared and plotted against. Someone who would do harm—more harm—to the poor, empty, starving hulk that was all that was left of Holland. "The hulk of a country and the spirit of a people. That is all that remains," she thought. "But perhaps it is enough. Perhaps."

Elsa looked at the yellow tulip she held in her hands, the tulip that was as yellow as Elmo's hair. She had torn it to pieces. Strug-

Mother and Her Books

By
Margaret Mackie

Mother's interest in literature started when, at six years old, she was a stiffly starched little girl at a party of church ladies during the early eighties of the last century. Mother—like all good children of her time—was well primed in the art of elocution. She had been stood up in the middle of the room in her starched pantalettes to recite a poem which was both "refined" and "dramatic." Mother was afraid that she would let her mother down and make no sensation at all with what she thought was a dull piece of literature, so she thought quickly and remembered a "nice bit" she had seen on a fence—it went something like this:

"The thunder roared,
The clouds were big,
The lightning struck,
And killed a pig."

The last line was accompanied by a tongue waved gently in the direction of the church ladies—nowadays no group of ladies would have moved a muscle at this rendition (so hardened have our elders become to the unattractiveness of their young, that it is easier for the elder generation to shock the younger than vice versa), but my Victorian mother got her sensation. She was smacked smartly upon her starched pantalettes and sent home to bed without supper.

Mother was undaunted. She went on reading the writing on fences, in Sunday school papers, and finally in books. And when I came to know her, books were half her life. (The other half was father, the garden, three meals a day, and us.)

For pure relaxation mother read detective stories—one a day—all the time I knew her. Usually she read them from eleven at night till one in the morning to pass away the time till father came to bed. Mother hated going to bed late, and father refused to start upstairs until the clock struck one. So mother sat bolt upright and wide awake in bed and read her nightly detective story waiting for father, who usually sat in the den reading his book (and snoozing so comfortably when no one was there to see), and everyone was happy.

Mother had another set of literature which she used for her own material comfort, and, to use her own term, for the preservation of her reason when times were trying. I well remember her studying "Helen's Babies" (a book about a man left alone for a summer with two horrible children and coming very close to killing them) for several hours when she discovered that the younger members of her family were feeding the neighborhood on money extracted from the housekeeping drawer. And on a sizzling hot day mother could be found sitting under the mountain ash reading the gory parts of a "Tale of Two Cities" (watching with one eye to see that the dog didn't dig up the St. Bridget anenomes and with the other to see that not more than six children got on the swing at once) to send much needed chills down her spine.

Then there were what she called "the family" books. Whatever the family read, mother read—"Palliser's Journal" with father, Jane Austin and Fanny Burney with a university daughter, and "Little Women" with me. She never let us down. No matter what was going on, mother could always be found willing to "be read aloud" to, which, considering some of the books and all of the readers—father's giggles at anything funny which made understanding impossible, the university daughter's insistence on footnotes taken in lectures, and my copious sobs at Beth's death—must have taken real courage.

Mother's special love (outside the "waiting-for-father" class), however, was for geometry books and flower catalogues. The problems about isosceles triangles I used to bring home from school were Heaven to her. She didn't

understand them any better than I did, but she loved to sit and ponder on them and would be delighted when she reached a conclusion which father had come to half an hour earlier in the nightly homework conference—father hated mathematics.

January—that dull, cold, depressing month when after-Christmas bills hung foreboding and demanding on the horizon—was the month for mother to go mildly mad. For January was the month of flower catalogues. Diagrams could be found all over the house, and we learned to give up hoping for mother to be her usual calm, sensible self. But she always came down to earth with a thump at plant ordering time when she remembered that we didn't live in a park but in a fifty-foot lot, that calla lilies and rambler roses did not go with below-zero weather, and that the budget had to pay for food and clothing as well as tulips.

The only books mother really hated were those belonging to a series called the Elsie books. They were about a young woman called Elsie Dinsmore, who was forever quarrelling with her father because he read novels on Sunday. I think the real explanation for the dislike of Elsie was a secret fear on mother's part that she would have to stop her detective stories on the Sabbath (if we fell under the spell of Elsie), or else let us go skating on Sunday, neither of which she wanted to do. At any rate, Elsie Dinsmore wasn't allowed in the house, and we all stayed home on Sunday and tried to guess the murderer in mother's latest detective story, on which she always kept us posted.

Mother and her books never ran on an even level, but were frequented by spurts of ambition. For instance, there was the time that mother carried the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" around under her arm in a determined way for several weeks (changing it for the ever-present detective story when father was not in the room).

Mother's taste was erratic, varying from the high to the very low. She jumped into every book with relish; and if it were dull, she found a joke that wasn't intended, or an intrigue the characters were fully unaware of. Her books were as much a part of the family as the green chair in the living room (which she bought to match her cactus pots in spite of a bright blue rug), and she was just as much a part of her books. I am sure the people in them knew her as well as she knew them. I was always sure (and I still am) that if I ever had the opportunity to meet Alice in Wonderland, I could nonchalantly ask her—"Where's mother?" and she would just as nonchalantly answer, "Oh, reading to the Duchess."

Ambition

By R. H. Blackburn

As the sand runs through my fingers,
Let me feel the sun is hot,
For the sand will still be running
When my fingers know it not.

Be my mind a prying taproot
And my soul a thirsting leaf;
Be my heart gold-ripe with loving
And the keen delight of grief.

Lest the years be tossed on whirlwinds
As they trickle through my hand,
And my hand be strong and calloused
When it falls into the sand.

—In Canadian Home Journal, Feb., 1943.



Mrs. O'Shaunessy was a Good Woman

By Maureen McNamara

Mrs. O'Shaunessy tapped her foot impatiently. This waiting in line! She'd told Maureen only a couple of weeks ago that she'd just as lief do without as have to stand for hours with her bunions throbbing. Not that her bunions were bothering her now. Indeed, they seemed to have disappeared completely, and her foot, as she looked down at it past the large expanse of bosom, had the straight lines of the foot she'd had when she was a girl and engaged to be married to Danny O'Shaunessy. Even the office here seemed airier than the place they'd waited for their ration books. . . .

"Kathleen O'Shaunessy!" Mrs. O'Shaunessy jumped. She had not been addressed as Kathleen since the day she had married Danny O'Shaunessy, except of course by Danny when he had had a drop too much and wanted to get on her good side.

"Will you come in here, please, Mrs. O'Shaunessy?" said the same voice again, and Mrs. O'Shaunessy turned round to see a very neat little man standing behind her. She willingly followed him through the door he held open for her.

"If you'll just sit down here in front of my desk we'll go over your record and see what we have planned for you. My name is Saintpeter, Mrs. O'Shaunessy, and I'm here to see that you get just the kind of place you want here. You've been a good woman, Mrs. O'Shaunessy, and we want you to be happy here." He coughed into his handkerchief. "For if you can't be happy in Heaven, Mrs. O'Shaunessy, where can you? If you see what I mean."

"Well, Mr. Saintpeter, I did my best, though I must say it wasn't so hard. Danny was a good man, you know—maybe sometimes he did have a drop too much, but then you don't know how dull life can get when you're a clerk, Mr. Saintpeter. Danny just wanted his bit of excitement and that was the cheapest way. . . . By the way, Mr. Saintpeter, I want to thank whoever it was who saw about my bunions. It's been thirty years since my feet have been so comfortable, and I just want to tell you how thankful I am."

"That's quite all right, Mrs. O'Shaunessy," Mr. Saintpeter answered, "and now here's our catalogue. You just choose the house you like and we'll see if we can get it for you."

Mrs. O'Shaunessy turned over the pages of the brightly colored catalogue which he handed to her, her eyes bright with wonder. Huge mansions and little bungalows floated before her eyes, gardens with lilacs and tulips in them, and picket fences grown over with rambler roses passed by on the white paper.

"If you don't mind, sir," Mrs. O'Shaunessy ventured as she slapped the book shut, "I'd rather not have one of those castle affairs. Too much dusting and sweeping in those big places—you never get a chance to enjoy them." Mrs. O'Shaunessy opened the catalogue again thoughtfully. "If it's vacant, I rather like the look of that one," she said, handing the book to Mr. Saintpeter.

"Very well, Mrs. O'Shaunessy," answered Mr. Saintpeter quickly, and he picked up the telephone on his desk. "Operator," he said, "will you give me the builders? Hello, hello Smith. Will you have one of those colonial models with the rose bushes ready by lunch time? I'm bringing Mrs. O'Shaunessy round at one, and she'll want to move in. All right, Smith. Thank you. Well, Mrs. O'Shaunessy, would you like to go out and walk in the park with me until lunch time? Then we can have lunch at a restaurant and go on to your new house."

Mrs. O'Shaunessy was speechless. All the red tape she had had to go through just to get

her butter and sugar, and here she was moving into the nicest house she had ever seen in just a little more than an hour. If only she could write Danny and the kids a letter, or phone them or something, and tell them to be good and mind their manners so they could come up here too. She sat up with a start to find Mr. Saintpeter holding the door open for her.

"This way, Mrs. O'Shaunessy," he said, smiling at her dreaming. Mrs. O'Shaunessy stepped outside the door and looked around her. Behind was the little office she had just come out of, with its neat little sign: "New-comers to Heaven, please register here," and to her left was the park Mr. Saintpeter had spoken of. It was not what Mrs. O'Shaunessy would have called a park. She had always thought of a park as a city block of green grass and straight red cinder paths and stiff rows of dusty geraniums, and screaming dirty children crowded around the drinking fountain, like the park by the public library. But this park into which Mr. Saintpeter led her now was like a garden in a dream. Little clumps of wood violets and ladies' slippers grew in the long green grass. Weeping willows and irises leaned over little streams to smile down at their reflections in the water. Rambler roses twined themselves around gnarled trunks of oak trees, and forget-me-nots and pinks wandered at will among stiff little hyacinths and tall delicate cosmos.

Mrs. O'Shaunessy had never seen so many flowers, and she stood on the edge of the path staring at them and smelling them to make sure that they were real.

"Well, Mrs. O'Shaunessy, what do you think of it?" asked Mr. Saintpeter.

"I think it's beautiful," said Mrs. O'Shaunessy enthusiastically. "Do you think it would be all right, sir, if sometimes in an evening I was to come and sit here? Would it be bothering anyone? I'd be as quiet as a mouse, but I'd just like to sit under that tree sometimes and smell the flowers—I'm so used to the smell of cabbage, Mr. Saintpeter, that this makes a nice change."

"Of course, Mrs. O'Shaunessy," replied Mr. Saintpeter, "any time you like—and now what about lunch? There's a nice little place just the other side of the park."

Mrs. O'Shaunessy followed her guide along the winding path through the little park, her eyes wide as she heard birds up above her, or saw a little red squirrel dart along the path in front of her. Presently they emerged from the park into a narrow street. Shops lined both sides of the little road—neat little white shops with roses growing on trellises over their walls. Mr. Saintpeter paused in front of one of them and held the door open. Mrs. O'Shaunessy went in and found herself in a large room dotted with tables covered with crisp white table cloths. Fresh flowers and neat waitresses were everywhere, and at all the tables sat pleasant, chattering people, who nodded and bowed to her as they passed by their tables. Mrs. O'Shaunessy ate her lunch as if she were in a dream—a very nice dream. Smiling waitresses brought on delicious, strange looking dishes in fragile blue china, music floated through the room, and Mr. Saintpeter kept up a steady flow of small talk, so that she didn't have to talk too, only look.

After they had finished their talk they rose, thanked the neat waitresses, and went out of the little restaurant into the street. Mr. Saintpeter suggested they go on to her house now, and Mrs. O'Shaunessy nodded thankfully. She wasn't tired, only a little giddy, and she wanted very much just to sit down somewhere. She followed Mr. Saintpeter on down the street, round the corner past houses such as she had

seen in the catalogue, and finally stopped outside the exact replica of the picture she had chosen. It was a large white colonial house with green shutters—a garden stretched from the house to a neat clipped hedge, and as they walked up the path to the front door, it was opened by a pretty girl in a blue and white uniform.

"Well, Mrs. O'Shaunessy," said Mr. Saintpeter, lifting his hat, "I'll leave you now. This is your maid, Barsha, and she will show you your way around. Don't hesitate to call on me if there's anything you need."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Saintpeter!" cried Mrs. O'Shaunessy, and she stood on the step and waved her handkerchief at him till he was out of sight.

"Well, ma'am," said the pretty maid, when Mr. Saintpeter had disappeared around the corner, "won't you come in? Come and sit down in the drawing room; you're looking tired."

Mrs. O'Shaunessy followed her maid into the front room and flopped down into a chair to gather her wits, and look at her new home. It was all she could have hoped for—comfortable chintz furniture, long bright windows, and velvet drapes—Mrs. O'Shaunessy had often dreamt of owning velvet drapes. She looked at the maid, a pretty little thing.

"Come and sit down, my dear, and tell me about yourself," she begged. Mrs. O'Shaunessy loved a good chat, and Mr. Saintpeter, although he was very nice, was only a man, and chats with men were so unsuccessful. "Tell me, how long have you been up here, and do you like it, and where did you come from?"

"Well, Mrs. O'Shaunessy," answered Barsha, "I'll try to sort out your questions and answer them in order. I've been up here two years, and I've been in service ever since. I came from Boston, and I do like it here. As a matter of fact, Mrs. O'Shaunessy, I like it much better here than I ever did down there, and the surprising thing, Mrs. O'Shaunessy, is that down there I never lifted a finger. I just sat around and spent money and was perfectly bored to tears all the time. I must say when I first came up here, and Mr. Saintpeter at the registration office suggested I try housework, I was furious, but you have no idea how I like it now. I really do. I've really got to be a wonderful cook, and I simply love gardening. That's why I got this job when I heard you were coming. I thought you might let me putter around a bit in the garden. You know, I was thinking that the back might be improved with a little lily pond. I simply love lily ponds, Mrs. O'Shaunessy, and I was thinking if you didn't mind, we could get some cement up at the store and get a man to come over and put it in, and then I could take care of the lilies in my afternoons off."

Mrs. O'Shaunessy was awed. To think she had a maid who had been one of those . . . those . . . she couldn't remember the word, but to think she had a maid who had been one anyway—but she was a nice girl, she was a very nice girl. . . .

"I think the lily pond would be lovely," she said, smiling at the girl, who smiled back in return, "and I'm glad you like to garden, because I'm afraid I don't know much about them. Now, tell me, who are the neighbors and what are they like?"

"Well," said Barsha, "I'm afraid I don't know much about them. There are a Mr. and Mrs. Green in a bungalow next door—he runs the bakery and she helps him out sometimes. They're nice people, and their bread is simply delicious. On the other side is a vacant lot, and across the street are the O'Toole children—"

"O'Toole?" said Mrs. O'Shaunessy, perking up her ears. "Are they Irish?"

"They certainly are," said Barsha. "There's Mollie, she's six, and a live wire too, and Mike, he's twelve, and so much energy I've never seen. Always building things; and Patsy, she's the baby, just four—I believe they were in a train wreck. They have a Miss Adams taking care of them till their parents get up here. Miss Adams is very nice, mind you, but sometimes I

think she doesn't understand children very well, and especially not Mike, he's so noisy, not the kind of little boy Miss Adams thinks is proper, I dare say—oh, look at me, I mustn't go on talking like this. You must be terribly tired. Won't you come upstairs and lie down?"

Mrs. O'Shaunessy wasn't tired, only a little overcome with excitement, and she thankfully followed Barsha upstairs to a spacious bedroom and lay down on the bed.

Mrs. O'Shaunessy loved her house. She loved every inch of it, and every day she seemed to find something new to love about it. She liked her neighbors, she enjoyed shopping in the little shopping centre, and she enjoyed walking in the little park, and she enjoyed sitting in the garden in the sun. In fact, Mrs. O'Shaunessy was well satisfied, but gradually, as her new surroundings grew less strange, she was aware of a tiny little prickle of boredom in the back of her mind. She was ashamed to admit it, but there was so little for her to do that she sometimes envied Barsha her household jobs, for they kept her so busy and she seemed to like them so much. Mrs. O'Shaunessy found the prickle increasing as time went on, and sometimes she rather wished she were back on the block with the smell of cabbage in her nostrils and the screaming of the kids in her ears, and yes, even the bunions on her feet throbbing against the sides of her shoes. Mrs. O'Shaunessy's conscience began to bother her. She said nothing to Barsha, but she began to lie awake at night and worry, and then one night as she lay in her soft bed wishing that Heaven might be more exciting, she suddenly had an idea, and with that idea in her mind, she dropped off to sleep.

The next morning, just after Barsha had brought her her breakfast, she got up, dressed, and hurried down to the registration office. She asked for Mr. Saintpeter, and in a few minutes she was seated in the blue chair in front of his desk.

"Mr. Saintpeter," she began nervously, "I don't—I'm not complaining, and I shouldn't really come at all when you've been so good to me, but there's something I would like to talk to you about—"

"Of course, Mrs. O'Shaunessy," said Mr. Saintpeter helpfully. "Is it the maid Barsha? Doesn't she suit you?"

"Oh, my, yes," replied Mrs. O'Shaunessy quickly. "I think Barsha is a very nice girl indeed, and you should see the beautiful lily pond she's started for me. No, Mr. Saintpeter, it's not Barsha. It's those O'Toole children. I was wondering—I was wondering—well, Mr. Saintpeter, that Miss Adams, she's a nice girl, but she doesn't much like children, and I was wondering if maybe they couldn't come and live with me, and I could sort of bring them up."

"But, Mrs. O'Shaunessy," said Mr. Saintpeter, scratching his head, "we decided from your record that you'd done enough work—but if you really want them, I'll have them moved in."

"Oh, Mr. Saintpeter," cried Mrs. O'Shaunessy, "thank you, thank you so much. I'll take such good care of them. I'll make them behave and teach the little girl to sew, and—oh, you just wait and see."

Mrs. O'Shaunessy sailed out of the registration office with a last broad smile at the good Mr. Saintpeter, who beamed back at her from behind his desk. She did a little shopping before she went home. She bought a chemistry set at one of the little shops, she bought a funny rag doll at another and a tricycle at another, and staggered home under her parcels to find Barsha in the middle of the living room, sponging away at the rug.

"The O'Toole children have come," she said with a smile, "and they've made the most awful mess. I'm awfully sorry; I was hoping to have it all cleaned up before you got here. Mike's broken a vase, and I'm afraid Patsy's spilled your face powder all over your bedroom floor, and Mollie's been trying on all your clothes. Oh, Mrs. O'Shaunessy, I'm awfully sorry, but they are such nice children."

Mrs. O'Shaunessy smiled, and said nothing. She ran upstairs to her room, as she had not

A STUDENT DREAMS

So This is Heaven

By
Eleanor Kendel

Guards

By R. H. Blackburn

*Again September, and the summer's ending
Again. September, that has been to me
Grey harvest dawns, and the sting of frost
In a fork handle: September, that has made
The night sweet as a hayloft, and the moon
Glow great and yellow as clean sunlight
through*

*A knot-hole in the gable of the sky.
Month that has dripped red sumac leaves along
The ridge, and scattered scraps of cloud among
The jackpine tops on a blue mountainside
Like wisps of wool caught in the cards. To me
These things have been September, which has
been*

*To all men, harvest time. And this September
Is end of summer, and of the third year
Of the leaden planting, and the constant har-
vest.*

*Now in the fourth September, I stand guard
with an empty pistol, while the beads of rain
Upon the wire behind my sentry box
Sway and gather and round themselves and
drop,*

*Beating an endless dead-march in the grass.
My watch can not avenge or justify
The sleep of those who were my friends, who
now*

*Shiver not with the cold in their sleep, nor stir
At all, nor dream: my tour of duty is
As a low branch of poplar flecked by bayonets
Of a long funeral party, and swinging back
To the same spot: at best my watch may be
As foam about the prow, first running back
A little upon itself, before it sweeps
Outward into a wake that cuts the wave.
Too long I waited, numb with the frost of
reason,*

*Steering my course too long by a cold star
That wavered as dim lantern-light scissored
By the slow strides of him who carries it.*

*Now, as I pace the twenty steps, and twenty,
And twenty paces, wishes run ahead:
Before September browns the prairie again,
I shall have seen the shadow of my wings
Form in the clouds a cross ringed with a halo
Of rainbow, and the same wing-shadow swoop
Hawk-like across the land. And wings them-
selves*

*Can be but shadows of my will that flies
Now with the instinct of the young wild goose
That in September crosses from the north
To an unknown haven. True will be my course
And far my flight will be, till at the end
I shall light as a weary bird at eventide,
Or as a star that marks its trail a moment
Across the face of a September night.*

In Greetings from No. 4 I.T.S.,
Christmas, 1943

run since she was a girl in Ireland. She opened the door and surveyed the disorder.

"Oh, Barsha," she called downstairs, "aren't they terrible! Aren't they terrible!" she repeated out loud to herself, as she looked at the muddy tracks of small feet across her bedspread. "Oh, aren't they terrible!" Mrs. O'Shaunessy sat right down at the little table by her bed, and wrote a little note to Mr. Saintpeter, telling him that she had never been anywhere half so nice as heaven, and she was just scrawling her name at the bottom when an explosion shook her room. She jumped up for a minute, and stood with her eyes wide with horror, and then she sat down on the chair and laughed till she cried—Heaven was a lovely place, and sure Mike had found his chemistry set already!

It is not crowded there! There is no hurrying, no press of time, no shrilling bell that rings its timely warning. There are no sounds of raucous laughter, nor bright metallic words that ring like false coins on a counter. But there is music! There is the tinkling of a bell faint and faroff, breaking on the quiet air like ripples on a glassy lake. There is the music of the pines, mysterious, muted, gentle as a mother's softest lullaby. There is the first song of a bird, light trilling in welcome of another day. There are the hushed whispers of the swaying grasses which bend to rouse those near to all the glories of the morning. There is music. There is beauty, but if you wish to slumber on, no voice nor clock will rouse you, for this is heaven.

In this heaven there are books. These are not piled in wavering stacks before you to threaten you at every moment with collapse. Instead they lie invitingly on flower-crested hills, in hollows where white birches beckon eager readers to lean against their slender stems. They lie where daisies grow, daisies whose heads toss upwards when the book is lifted. Five pages later it lies again abandoned (for here there is no thing called time), and eyes seek flower petals rather than the printed page. It does not matter, for here there are no tests of knowledge. There is no need to store a thousand different facts till time of questionnaires. The pleasant is remembered here, the rest lies well-forgotten, for happiness, not knowledge, is the test.

And there is talk! The talk of simple things! You hear no words of war and men in strife, nor idle talk of money made and lost; for neither wars nor wealth exist. There is a deep and earnest pity for the mortals who bring upon themselves their sorry plight, who blame the times, their fate, their neighbors, but cannot see where ill-fortune lies. In paradise the words are shorn of hidden barbs. The tones are soft as sounds of peaceful brooks which flow through deep green meadows. The heated words that beat before on ears that would not listen seem vain and foolish now. Gay laughter rings at memories of hours spent in earthly argument. There are no shouting politicians here. There is no eager public to cheer with rousing cries the things they do not understand, fearful lest they betray their ignorance. You cannot know the joy there is in speaking of the things you love without the fear that there is someone mocking you!

Upon the highest hill an easel stands and round it are a hundred pots of glorious color. And there is time for painting! Here there is time to work without a thought of other things that must be done, without a worry over the cost of the materials used. If art makes for one's happiness, then nothing in this heaven bars the way to its pursuit.

And writing, too, finds it is welcome here! No bread nor meat is needed now, and those who have the love of writing need feel no pangs of hunger. And so it is with all the artists here. They write, they paint, they sing to please themselves. They work because of all the joys that lie in their creations and not for greeded coins that they will bring.

In heaven, happiness is not bought but made. There are no stores whose owners push it over shining counters into eager-paying hands. There are no customers who pay the price so many times but still keep hoping that tomorrow, when they try again, it will come. There are no greener pastures now. There is no need for magic carpets. There's no desire for escape! In heaven laughter has no tears, for sorrow is a thing of mortals.

There is no lack of color here, for rainbows of a hundred hues spread fanwise overhead—

(Continued on Page Six)

The Valley That No Man Enters

By Drake Shelton

"And beyond Yam Nuska—what is there beyond the mountain?"

"The Valley. Nam un Topguh."

"What's in that valley, Moses?"

"Don't know."

"Haven't you ever been there?"

"No."

"Nor any of your tribe?"

"No. Nobody goes." The Indian became more and more reluctant to answer. But Neilsen persisted.

"But why not?"

"No man enters. Nam un Topguh mean that—where no man enters."

"But why not? Hasn't anyone ever been there, Moses?"

Moses Two-Young-Men gazed silently into the sputtering camp-fire, nor, though Neilsen questioned him tirelessly and tactlessly, would he give any further answer. The valley was an obviously unpleasant topic. That night, as Neilsen turned restlessly in his blankets, he could not sleep for thinking of the valley behind Yam Nuska. The Indians seemed to fear it; no white man but himself had ever seen or heard of it; no one had entered it. Surely a valley as secluded as this one, shunned as it was by all men, would be a happy hunting ground for any who dared enter it. His own game preserve! From a distance he had looked down upon this strange valley; from a distance, he had watched animals moving in the growth beside the creek. Looking from the shoulder of Yam Nuska he had been fascinated by the oval of cliffs guarding this well in the rock, had been fired by the challenge such a place threw to a mountaineer and a hunter. "Tomorrow," thought Neilsen, his Norse imagination full of heroic possibilities, "tomorrow I will enter this 'nam un topguh,' this valley that no man has entered." As with this resolution his mind found rest, he turned over once more, to sleep dreamlessly till dawn.

Morning in the Rockies. Mist rising from the mountain gorges, as the sun shone warm a moment before disappearing into the low-hanging autumn cloud-bank. A camp-fire smoking in the wet dawn. Neilsen was eating his breakfast alone for the third day. Two days now he had spent making a circuit of this crack in the hills, trying chimney after chimney, only to find, after hours of dizzy mountaineering, that each dropped into nothing less than half-way to the valley floor. Today he would try again. His meal finished, Neilsen fixed his pack and walked to the edge of the cliff. Far below, flowing from the huge sheet of ice which cloaked the western end of the valley, innumerable small streams appearing and disappearing among the rocks through which they ran along the valley floor, grew larger as they neared the eastern end. Here, shrubbery and spruce trees replacing round glacial boulders, the whole

SO THIS IS HEAVEN

and heads held high turn upwards to them. You see none bent like those of mortals to a dusty path for there there is no shame. There is no need for lowered lids, for furtive looks, for looks of fear. You read no silent passages of blame or criticism as eyes seek yours across a crowded room. There are no hurrying figures which run to sheltered spots to hide their flaming cheeks and soothe their biting wounds. Instead, they stand upon the highest hill to watch the beauty of their paradise. They stand alone or in a crowd—but unafraid.

What joy it is to know no fear, no insecurity! What bliss it is to have instead long moments filled with music, love and laughter, to be a part of such untarnished beauty where mortal fingers do not grasp and clutch, fearful lest their fleeting joys will vanish before they get their share. There is no striving here, for values do not change, beauty does not fade, and joys are everlasting, for this is heaven!

valley grew greener and more cheerful. It was at this eastern end that Neilsen, after so many false starts, finally found his way down to the floor of the valley. As with still quivering muscles he stopped to drink at the creek, a draught from the ice-sheet blew a chill of winter over him, so that he shivered while the sweat was still pouring from him.

Neilsen found that the valley reached and surpassed his expectations. All kinds of animals were crowded absurdly into this little hole in the Rockies. Food was abundant, furs were plentiful. Daily he piled his pelts higher and daily the wonder of the valley grew upon him. The sheet of ice at the western extremity, he discovered, was hollow. Cracks in the ice and caves in the granite enabled him to clamber far back into the black wet mother rock beneath the mountain. As he emerged half-frozen but exultant from the dark, dripping ice-caves, some old tale of his people flitted through his mind. "This might be the entrance to Elfheim itself," he thought. The little streams that were constantly disappearing except for their sound, then reappearing, flowing together, and finally vanishing in a sucking whirlpool at the base of the cliffs, added to the enchantment. Almost unclimbable cliffs all around gave him a sense of security and isolation. Here, in this hammer stroke of Thor, ice and water ruled everything. Neilsen remembered the giants of Jötenheim, and, as the days went on, began to think of the ice-caves and the streams as reasonable beings. At times he talked to them.

Only once, when he wanted to sell some of his furs and buy some powder from the Indians, Neilsen made a trip to the world outside his valley. Three days he stayed away and three nights, but when in a dream he heard the whirlpool calling him, and saw the grim cliffs beckon him, he returned. Often now, he dreamt of these things, but only at night was he afraid. In the daytime, in the sunshine, crashing wildly over deadfall, creeping silently in the moss along a creek-bed, or swinging his axe mightily, felling the largest trees he could find to build himself a cabin, he was huge and happy. As day after day he cleared away the undergrowth and the top soil of his site, or felled, barked and nicked the huge spruce logs for his hut, a sense of possession and love of the valley grew in him. Thus it was that even after the first light snow had fallen and melted again from all but the peaks in the mountains, he still put off his departure for another day or two. After all, his cabin was warm, now that the cracks had been filled with moss and mud. Even when the frosts began, he still lingered.

The world lay bloodless under a blanket of snow. Neilsen awoke, and thought of the trail home. Before he reached the chimney, he knew what to expect. Snow was lodged deep and tight into the passage, so that even could he clear the snow, the rock above, slippery enough even in summertime, would be ice-coated and impassable now. Knowing this, the trapped Swede nevertheless tried to escape, burrowing deep into the snow, ploughing through drifts over his head. Madly struggling toward the cliff, he finally gained the chimney. Here he paused a moment, then in a berserk fury began to clamber up the granite. Twenty feet up a hold gave way, and he lay stunned in the snow. It was no use; he'd have to wait. After all, there was plenty of food at hand. He returned to his cabin, to sit beside the stone fireplace, watching the smoke drift out of the window. It was rather dark, and when the wind died, very quiet.

Every day, when the weather allowed, Neilsen, clothed in furs, gun in mittened hand, wandered along the valley floor, and up the shale slopes, looking for food. What kind did not matter. A porcupine would make a very tasty meal. As for furs, they did not seem to matter much now. On days when the wind blew and

the snow drifted, after he had shuttered up half his window, Neilsen crouched in the dark by his smoky fire, slept or whittled. When there was no blizzard, the valley seemed very silent, unless he spoke to himself. But gradually, Neilsen began to hear other things than the sound of his own voice. The breeze in the pine trees made a sound; the gloating gurgle of the eddy which never froze; the occasional roar of snow slides, or the angry crackling expletives of frozen rock, all broke the silence. Neilsen learnt to listen for all these things, and sometimes grew afraid. When the sun hid behind the cold white finger of Yam Nuska, and shadows began to move among the pines, shadows and sounds took on a sinister note, and he became afraid. When dark fell, every new shadow made him jump, every tiny crack of a twig made him start. When he was out of his cabin, constantly he looked behind him. Every time he saw nothing and whirled around again to look ahead. Imaginary danger is far more horrible than anything real. Before he had stayed a month after the snowfall, he was afraid to go out of his cabin, except in the ever-shortening daylight. He was afraid of the woods, he was afraid of the faces he could see under the black sucking lip of the whirlpool, he was afraid of everything around him. He stayed in his cabin as much as possible, near to the fire, and with his back against the wall. And the cliffs waited to fall on top of him, and the wind whispered dreams of death and insanity. Insanity. Neilsen began to fear for his reason. He forced himself to wander through the woods at night, or close beneath the huge grey cliffs, telling himself that he wasn't afraid, that there was nothing to be afraid of. But he was still afraid. One day Neilsen heard a pine tree talking to him. Then he realized that he was not afraid any longer. This was the most natural thing in the world. He listened, while the tree talked on, telling him the marvellous kind of truths one learns in dreams. Gradually he realized that the avalanches laughed as they roared into the valley, so he laughed back. The whirlpool screwed up its face and chuckled over some hidden joke. The cliffs nodded kindly at him. Neilsen realized that all these things were reasoning beings, who could talk and be talked to. Only one thing he feared too much to talk to, when at the head of the valley, governing all, the giant deep-voiced ice-gods gave commands.

Before winter ended, Neilsen had stopped using his rifle. The last time he used it, the cliffs had shouted aloud, snow had fallen by the ton from the cliff, roaring as it came almost to where he stood, while far up the valley and underneath the mountain the ice-gods had muttered moodily in their sleep. Now he used his hunting-knife, and killed his food when he caught it. Long days Neilsen spent in his cabin, when the wind was angry at him. In those days he carved on the wall the words that used to mean his name; on such days he whittled features on the knots in the wall—leering features, with the evil grin of the face of his friend in the whirlpool. Such faces would protect his cabin, see any intruder, and cry out to him should anything threaten his peace. No one should disturb him in his valley. Even when spring came, Neilsen remained. Once or twice he climbed to the cliffs above the valley, or out on to the ridges of Yam Nuska, but never for long. Soon he missed the conversation of the whirlpool and, most of all, the towering protection of his cliffs.

In the summer, those who had been Neilsen's friends, hearing from the Indians vague stories of his disappearance, and one day seeing the smoke of his never-dying fire in the valley, came into the valley in search of him. In the evening, as he was returning home, Neilsen saw three men around his cabin. He had seen them before somewhere, but where he could not remember. When he asked the ice-gods what to do, they growled to him that the men were intruders, who must be sent back where they came from. One by one, silently in that night, Neilsen sent them back the shortest way. At the base of the cliff his friend the whirlpool sucked and chuckled more than ever before.

The cigarette moved unaided to the other side of a gaudy middle-aged mouth. It hung there! The lips parted a little to reveal the red, stained tip.

"Get up there, girlie, and hang these cushion covers on the line above!"

She pointed to the frigidaire. Groups of soldiers lingered over canteen "cokes" and coffee. They were turned in our direction, listening, watching closely I knew, though their nonchalant poses might belie their interest.

"Come on, get up!" The heavy voice came forth again.

And so I climbed, stepping carefully to avoid jars of chocolate, orange and vanilla flavoring. She handed me the covers then, each one a different color. First came one of soft rose with "To my Sweetheart" printed in sky blue, and then a scarlet one with "Mother" on its surface in rich gold. Next came a purple one, and this one had a well-gunned tank and underneath in heavy black was printed, "To a Friend." I thought they'd never end, but finally I had pinned the last one. They were spread now across the width of the canteen, their cheap satin gleaming. My cheeks burned as I stepped down to the floor again. I hoped none of my audience would demand immediate service. Carefully I avoided looking at them. The woman stood there still, fat arms crossed, looking at me. Her small eyes narrowed beneath heavy straight brows.

"New here, ain't you?" she asked.

"Yes. This is my first time," I said.

"You'll have a lot to learn, and the faster you learn the better. There's the kitchen!" she said, pointing to a doorway leading off into a built-on room. "The cook will show you where the buns are. Start buttering! Half with mustard, half without!" The hand with its ring of carver jade rose quickly then to remove the cigarette, as wracking coughs overtook her large, heavily fleshed body.

I hurried to the kitchen, found with the help of the cook the large tin of buns, and commenced to butter.

"Don't let her scare you, kid!" she whispered.

"She didn't frighten me," I said. "How could she by just telling me what to do?" The girls had warned me before, so I knew what to expect, I thought.

"I'll take no dirt from her or anyone else," the woman continued. "Whenever he complains about my work, I threaten to quit, and she shuts up like a clam. She knows there's not many would keep this kitchen clean as I do—why, when I came here I found two cans of sour milk and one box of tomatoes green with rot. There's not been a scrap spoil since," she added, as she slapped the hamburger ball emphatically with a metal paddle.

"It must take good managing," I said appreciatively.

The Indians still tell strange stories of Neilsen, his valley and his cabin. When shadows are jumping fitfully on the teepee sides, and unchristian spirits whisper outside among the pines, old Jacob Big Eagle tells tales of a white man who stayed too long upon the trail, till reason cracked beneath the strain. The white man never returned to the fort, but stayed in the mountains, living on the meat he killed with his hands, and talking to the mountains. He grew fleet and sure-footed as the mountain goat, cunning as the black bear, and wise in the wisdom of the spirits that talk at night in the valley that no man enters. A great shaggy fur-clad creature he became, whom the Indians saw coursing wildly over the crags of Yam Nuska, sure-footed as a goat. And they feared him, for he was possessed of strange spirits. Some tell that the ice-gods finally took him for their own. Far back in the ice-caves, they say, he still stands, on a huge pinnacle of ice. They know, because a man saw him there once, and yelled the word back to his companions before the thunder of the ice-gods avenged his intrusion. Some say that he has never died, nor ever will, but still wanders around his valley, visiting with death in the night any who venture there.

SERVICE IN A CANTEEN

The Fog

By
Kay Evans

"Yeah, I'll say. Takes work, too! You learn that plenty fast!"

I kept listening for the woman's footsteps, but none came. "One with mustard, one plain," I watched the buns pile up. After two bowls were filled, the cook said:

"Looks like those'll last awhile!"

I left then, and as I came to the door I saw the woman pouring a chocolate milk shake into a tall glass. Her head rose suddenly, and with the jerk a large accumulation of cigarette ash fell to the floor, barely missing the drink.

"These boys will want coffee," she said, as she bent her head in the direction of the east door, where a steady stream of men pounded in from the stinging cold. "It's break-off! The doughnuts are in jars on the counter, the coffee here," she pointed to a large gleaming container with a tap. "Mugs are underneath."

I looked to see rows of them neatly stacked, with handles pointing outwards conveniently.

"Two doughnuts for a nickel," she continued, "Coffee five cents. And pound the 'cost' only on the cash register."

The boys stood there, rubbing large red hands together for warmth. I selected the one I thought appeared the mildest of the lot and walked towards him.

"Can I serve you?" I asked.

"Yeah, I'll say! The quicker the better. One coffee, four doughnuts and plenty of cream." I tried to hurry, but many minutes seemed to pass before I got back with his order. He smiled agreeably, paid me and edged out to let a chum in. I felt encouraged. "No complaints from my first customer," I thought.

Orders followed in quick succession. "Coffee, please!" "Doughnuts and Java!" "Two dogs and milk." In my hurry I forgot the supervisor. I forgot everything but my attempt to serve these boys as quickly as I could. I was happy doing it till I heard the order, "A strawberry milk shake, please!"

"A milk shake," I stuttered—"strawberry?" I'd made no mistake. It couldn't last, I thought; things had been going too well.

I saw the aluminum shakers above the tobacco shelf. I grabbed one, looked helplessly at the assortment of flavors, and then went over to the woman.

"He wants a milk shake," I said nodding in the direction of the tall, blue-eyed corporal. "I've—"

"Well, make it!" she cut in. "What kind he ask for?"

"Strawberry," I said, thankful that I had remembered.

"One scoop white ice cream, one tablespoon strawberry flavoring, one ladle vita ray milk. Hook it under here." She went back to lighting her cigarette off the stuff in her mouth.

"Thanks!" I said, as I returned to make my first milk shake. When it was whipped to a frothy finish, I anxiously carried it to the "still-smiling" corporal, hoping he would not be aware when he tasted it that his order had initiated me into the fascination of "fountain service." He lifted it. I glanced up to see his reaction. A puzzled frown furrowed his smooth brow. He held the glass higher to look at the contents of it. I looked, too—the drink was orange in color! The woman never knew. He did not tell. They're chivalrous, those men! It's true they comment on the girls in various dialects and pitches, but what they say is never really meant to hurt. They liked the girls that served them.

"It's nice to see grub given by a lily hand," one said. They'd try to hold that hand—but nothing more.

A sergeant swaggered up. "Four cones, two white, two fruit," he said.

The fruit scooped easily, but the white was

nearly gone, and what there was was stiff and hard.

I was warm with the effort of the struggle for it when I handed him the cones. A shining twenty-five cent piece dropped into my outstretched palm.

"You get a nickel change," I called.

"That's yours. Keep it, kid," he shouted back as he made his way to the door.

"A tip," I thought. "What should I do? Should I put it in the till?" My hand reached for it. The supervisor stood beside me.

"Don't put it in," she said. "It'll throw the books off! Keep it."

I glanced up from the coin. The voice was just the same, but I was sure I saw a smile flit across her eyes. I looked again, but it was gone.

"Thanks," I said. "I'll save that nickel as a souvenir."

Two "Qwacks" entered the hut then, one dark and tailored looking with short, black hair cut like a boy's; the other short and blond with a soft round figure and unruly curls that drooped over a heavily powdered forehead.

"What'd you like?" the dark girl asked her friend.

"M-mm—let's see. Pie, or maybe some of those lemon things," she said, pointing to a tray of tarts with a soft white finger. "Those cakes look good, too—maybe—"

"Two soups and toast," the dark girl cut in. "Tomato, please," she added.

The blonde's red lips parted momentarily in surprise, and then relaxed with a smile.

They stood talking. I listened as I laid out cutlery and plates.

"Where do you think we're moving to?" the short one asked.

"I don't know and I don't care much either, as long as the girls there are a good bunch."

"It's not the girls that worry me," the blond one interrupted. "It's the—" But that was all I heard. The "wurlitzer" in the far corner poured out, "Roll out the barrel," and the voices faded into insignificance.

"Where's the soup?" I asked the cook.

"In the store-room," she said. "Try the last cupboard."

I entered it humming, to find the supervisor taking stock, concentrating at the moment on boxes of chocolate bars. I hurried over to the large storing cupboard, hoping that I'd find the soup immediately. Clam chowder and vegetable soup were piled high. I saw no tomato. She looked up then.

"What are you wanting?"

"Tomato soup," I said.

"Next door to the right," she informed me, and went immediately back to her bars—but not for long, as once again hard, dry coughs overtook her. Her small eyes filled with tears, and one slipped down her cheek.

"Damn this cough," she said vehemently in a quiet interval.

My mind darted back to the colds of childhood. "Have you tried hot milk and honey," I ventured. Those narrow eyes looked at me.

"No," she said at last. Her voice encouraged no further suggestions. I found the soup and left.

The supper hour came, and with it orders of more soup, and eggs both poached and fried. One asked for muffins warmed with melting butter like the kind he got at home. The supervisor saw me as I took them from the oven.

"Who're they for?" she asked.

"A boy outside," I answered. "He likes them this way," I added, trying to justify my actions.

"We don't take time to heat buns here," she said. Again I thought I saw a hint of laughter in her eyes.

I took the warm, moist muffins to the soldier. His face broke into a happy smile as he sighted them.

"First time since I've left home," he said.

A sergeant looked down upon him and patted him paternally on the head.

"Our boy!" he said. "He's never been away from home before."

Old Dominic got himself "plastered" every night—couldn't keep off the bottle. Moonshine was too easy to get in those days; and, because of the keen competition that existed in the marketing of this potent beverage, distilled and bottled by a number of local farmers, prices were well within the means of a miner. And Dominic was a good miner—very active for his sixty years, despite his nightly indulgence. His wiry limbs were covered with muscle hard as a rock. The only miner in the district who could send out more coal in a day than he was his own son, Carl, who used to say, "Think I'd let a rotten drunk like my old man send out as many cars as I do?"

When he was drunk, the old man had a strange way of walking. He stood at an angle to his direction of motion, with his left shoulder leading, and with his right foot never going as far ahead as his left, hobbling along almost lamely. He was slightly stoop-shouldered, a fact due more to the kind of work he did than to his age, and carried his thick, short-fingered,

THE FOG

The lad blushed and fumbled with his wallet in embarrassment. A snap fell to the floor. I picked it up and handed it to him. "Ma," he explained proudly, defiantly, as he held the picture for me to see.

The rows of seats stretching as far back as the canteen were filled now. The lights suddenly went out, and Marlene Dietrich in "The Seven Sinners" flashed upon the screen. The canteen workers sat on the counter and tried to see the picture through the haze of smoke which hung in the air immovable, like a marsh fog. I sat next to the supervisor. Her eyes were fixed on the screen continually, but she made no comments till a scene of London flashed on it.

"I know that street," she whispered hoarsely to me. "Saw two years of the last war over there."

The words were clipped, short, matter of fact. I waited eagerly, hoping she would tell me more, but no words came. A glow of happiness lingered with me. I felt honored. I couldn't explain that pride.

The show was over then, and another rush followed; this one more vigorous than any of those preceding. The boys and girls in uniform ate and left. We cleared the counter and closed the canteen for the night.

I was getting into my coat when the dressing room door snapped open.

"Which way are you going?" the supervisor asked.

"South Side," I said. (I had learned to make my answer brief.)

"Jack's taking me down town," she said. "He can drive you over."

It was an order. I had no choice—but I wanted none.

Jack, I discovered, was the taxi-driver. We sat in the back seat, saying nothing until the car turned off Kingsway.

There were so many questions I would have liked to ask, but never dared. She broke the silence then.

"This fog's like London," she said. "I'd walk for hours in it there. I loved it, then—I never knew how much until I came back here." She told me snatches of the time she'd gotten lost. Her voice took on a husky warmth in reminiscing. She came back to the present then, her voice bitter again.

"I've tried to get in this war, too, but they won't have me now. Bad lungs, bad heart, both doctors said. 'You need rest,' they said. 'Relax!' I'd rather die first!"

The taxi had turned at the bridge and we stood now, the motor idling softly, at the house where I lived. I did not want to leave, but I knew I must—the woman was silent again.

I opened the door and stepped out into the biting dampness of the night.

"Thanks," I said. I hesitated, and continued quickly: "I'm very glad I met you."

She didn't answer. The motor purred a little louder, the car slipped into gear and disappeared into the fog.

WHY MEN DRINK

It Takes a Woman

By Morris Simovitch

powerful hands clasped behind his back. A white mop of hair crowned his brown face, and from under bushy eyebrows shone two honest, almost intelligent eyes which took on a rather wild light whenever he had been drinking. But his regular features, the frank directness of his countenance, made you wonder that a person of his fine appearance should have taken so completely to drink. However, you would wonder only until you had met his wife.

Well, it was a Saturday night, and already past my bedtime. But Dad and Mother were over at Johnson's playing bridge, and when Dad got into a bridge game—I knew I would be safe for several hours more. Old Dominic was seated on the town well platform, with his bottle on the step below, guarded between his feet. He was singing some old folk-song in a soft, sodden voice which would boom out loudly whenever he came to a phrase which he considered worthy of emphasis. As he sat there on the platform at the crest of a hill sloping gradually downward on both sides, he seemed at peace with a peaceful world. I watched him with fascination from my perch atop our front gate, only a stone's throw away; for I had never before seen a drunken miner so willing to be left quietly alone, so cheerfully content to keep the fact of his intoxication to himself. There seemed to be connected with his complacency, as I observed him, an unconscious philosophy of some kind. Perhaps it was his temporary release, both physical and mental, from the overbearing clutches of his wife, that gave the old sot that appearance of tranquillity—and if this were the case, his tranquillity was destined to be of a more temporary nature than he might have hoped; for who but his wife came struggling up the hill at that very moment, waddling like a lame duck!

Dominic didn't see her, and I almost gave in to the urge to warn him of her approach. But the urge to see the wife of a drunken miner in action caused me instead to sit very still, holding my breath in excited expectation. Already the old woman had loomed into full view—240 pounds of overstuffed blubber, hanging out in front like a magnification of La Dionne, with legs like smoke stacks—as big around at the ankles as at the knees, and a pair of arms like overgrown hams. Her breath was laborious as she hauled her huge hulk toward her hapless husband, and as I watched her approach, I found it hard to conceive of any person with so large a ventral protuberance. But it actually was that big, I knew, because I used to observe with awe how it wobbled up and down like a huge mass of jelly whenever she laughed. Her voice, like her strength, was that of a man, and when she spoke she disclosed two large, dirty, upper incisors, spaced at least an eighth of an inch apart, thus providing, for a snuff-chewing person, a lovely aperture through which to eject nicotine-laden saliva—and it was said her range was ten feet (which is not bad, for a woman). I think I was still holding my breath as she approached, and when she passed, very near to me, I realized that I should have continued to hold it until she had gone by. For I was now reminded that she was one of those people who believed in cleanliness—taking a bath once a year whether she needed it or not. And at that particular moment, her year must have been almost up.

By now she had planted her shapeless corpulence in front of him. Humming quietly, his head hanging forward and, as if hinged at the base of the neck, swinging from side to side in time with his song, he seemed unaware of her presence. He was so completely at peace with himself that I was a little sorry I had not warned him of his danger. For a moment she stood there, with her hands on what should have been her hips, contemplating his placid serenity. Suddenly she thrust forward an arm; right under his nose her fist passed as she

wrapped it around the neck of the bottle at his feet. He started—but too late. The bottle was gone. So he sat there looking at her, as though only half aware of the catastrophe that had befallen him. She loomed over him, shouting a continuous roar of foreign degradation at him, flourishing the bottle in the air, and at the same time shaking a fist threateningly near his nose.

I think I was too afraid at the moment to really enjoy this scene as much as I might have, for actually, it was contrary to all the principles of family life with which I had been acquainted. My father liked his liquor, but I had never seen him mastered by it. Furthermore, my parents were very careful never to "have words" in the presence or hearing of their children. Therefore this scene was entirely foreign to all of my impressions of family harmony, and, I believe, provided for me the feeling that I was justified in coming to blows occasionally with my brother. I watched with wide-eyed fascination, as old Dominic, showing sudden life, apparently not till now realizing that his bottle had truly been taken from him, stood up, stepping back at the same time with the agility of a sober man, so that he now stood upon the platform. Although a little shorter than his oversized spouse, he now towered above her by several inches; and, as if in response to some primitive instinct, he made a desperate grab for the bottle, now well within his reach.

This last lunge was to prove his undoing, for though he had failed in his attempt to regain possession of the bottle, he did get it back the next moment—right between the eyes. He was down for the count. And she stood over him, still pouring forth her endless babble in coarse masculine tones, still describing menacing arcs in the air with the bottle. Soon, however, she saw that her efforts went unappreciated. Poor Dominic, with his head over the edge of the platform, face downward, lay still as death. Shoving his body around with her feet until his face was directly under the spout, she pumped gallons of water over him—but to no avail. He was out cold. Thinking he was dead, I was too terrified to move. She, too, must have thought he was done for, but being reluctant to give in too readily to idle hopes, she kicked him soundly in the ribs a couple of times; and then, stepping back so that she could see over the bulge of her waist-line, she grunted, looked at him for a moment in silence, then moved up, prodded him again with her foot, and stepped back to note the results of her efforts. He still didn't budge. For a moment she seemed at a loss as to what her next step should be. However, the old man relieved her from her inactive state of perplexity when he finally stirred with a groan. She moved in again, giving his ribs another treatment, and giving forth again with her imported jargon, urging him to rise. His reply to this could have been, "Try and make me," for she flew into a furious rage, stamping and shouting, standing over him and shaking her maul of a fist down at him so vigorously that I thought she might dislocate her insides. But he refused to get up.

This was the last straw. She decided that if he wouldn't get up and come home under his own power, she would drag him home—and accordingly, she stooped over, took hold of his feet, yanked them upward, tucked them securely under her arms, and proceeded down the hill, dragging him behind her, his head in the dust, deaf to his protests and entreaties.

This definitely appeared to be the old woman's oattle. She had presented the old man with a beautiful pair of black eyes, and had used the very container of his solace besides, as a means of lending emphasis to their delivery.

But as they passed out of sight, I noted that despite his sorry state, the old man was steadfast in purpose to the end. For in his hands, secure beyond the range of his laboring wife's eyes, he held that precious bottle which his wife had set down in order to lend her efforts wholeheartedly to the task of getting him home.